THE BOMB




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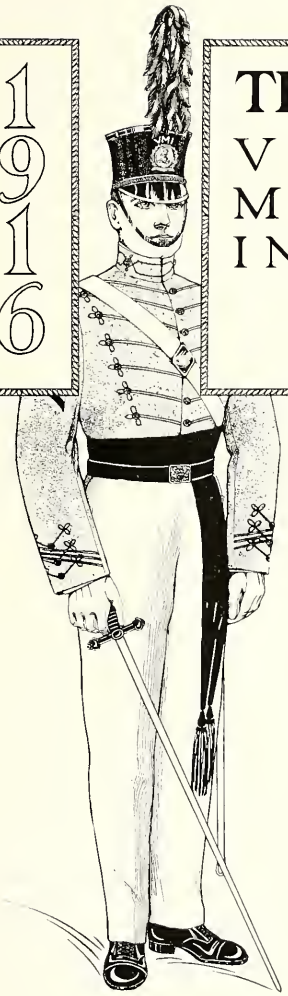
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1916

THE BOMB

VIRGINIA
MILITARY
INSTITUTE

LEXINGTON
VIRGINIA





Dedication

to

Colonel Jennings Cropper Wise

Brilliant writer and inspiring teacher
Enthusiastic in lofty purpose
A lover of the "Old Gray Coat"
Devoted to V. M. I. and her higher achievement
A faithful friend
A courteous gentleman
An efficient soldier

"We owe thee much"



Colonel Jennings Cropper Wise, B. S., LL. B.



Virginia Mourning Her Dead

Photographed and Colored by Paul Strand, New York



Foreword



THE editor of some Annual 'way back yonder in the dark ages modestly apologized for thrusting his work of art upon an unsuspecting public; we would really like to follow his example, along with countless other editors, but we are determined to be original at the start, if nowhere else. Accordingly, we present the thirty-second volume of THE BOMB with infinite abandon. There are parts of our book that you won't like—neither do we, but we had to fill up three hundred-odd pages with something; and, moreover, we know what happened to the man in the fable who tried to please everybody.

And, at least, we won't burden you with our manifold troubles—the book is not yet printed that is big enough to hold the portrayal of a Keydet's sorrows, when he thinks of home and rev on a cold morning and how many days it is until Finals. We are showing as much of the brighter side of Institute life as we can without being thrown under arrest, and in doing so we have thought of those who will sympathize and understand—the Home Folks and Calic (God bless 'em), Alumni and Friends, Professors and Subs, Classmates and Men of the Corps to-day.

So, when looking over this, our "paper," give us a six for trying—and don't forget what Kipling says:

> *"An' if sometimes our conduck isn't all your fancy paints,*
> *Why, single men in barricks don't grow into plaster saints."*



His Excellency, Hon. Henry Carter Stuart
GOVERNOR OF THE COMMONWEALTH
COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF



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GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA
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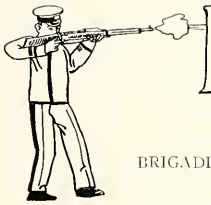
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CAPTAIN J. EDWARD DAVIS, B. S.
ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF GERMAN

*Assigned to duty at John Marshall High School, Richmond, Virginia.

OLD V. M. I.

To H. L. G.

Words and Music by G. Karow, '16.



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THE BOMB



Main Barracks and Jackson Memorial Hall

The corner-stone of barracks was laid July 4, 1850 (southwest corner of barracks), and the building was completed during the next few years and dedicated in 1856. In June, 1896, the Stonewall Jackson Memorial Hall was completed with funds collected by the Stonewall Jackson Memorial Association. In this building are the chapel, gymnasium, and engineering school.



The Smith Memorial Building

Was erected in 1901 to the memory of the first Superintendent, Colonel Francis H. Smith, by the Institute, and now comprises the academic hall.

THE BOMB



The Maury-Brooke Science Hall

Built in 1909, and containing the electrical and chemical laboratories. To the memory of Commodore Matthew Fontaine Maury, Professor, V. M. I., from 1868 to 1873, and Captain John Mercer Brooke, Professor, V. M. I., from 1865 to 1906.



The Library Building

Was erected by the Institute in 1907. Contains 18,000 volumes. The second floor contains quarters for the Board of Visitors, and on the third floor is the Cadet Dialectic Literary Society Hall.

THE BOMB



The Administration Building

Was erected in 1903 by the Institute. In it are the tailor shop, military store, treasurer's office, quartermaster's office, and the post exchange.



The Mess Hall

Was destroyed in 1864, restored, again burned in 1904, and rebuilt on the original foundation in 1905, with an extensive addition and many improvements.

THE BOMB



PROFESSORS' QUARTERS

The Superintendent's house was built in 1862. Two other sets of quarters were built between 1850 and 1853, restored in 1867, after being burned, and the third set was built in 1915.



WASHINGTON STATUE

Original by Jean Antoine Houdon. March, 1856, the General Assembly authorized the Governor to expend the sum of $10,000 for the purchase of the first bronze replicas for the Institute. Unveiled in 1856. In June, 1864, it was transported by General Hunter, who destroyed the Institute, as a trophy of war to Wheeling, W. Va., and returned by order of Secretary of War Stanton, in 1865.

THE BOMB



Bronze Guns

The two large guns by the Washington Statue, L'Envee and Le Severe, are 24 pounders, and were cast in Duaci, France, in 1693 and 1678, respectively, during the reign of Louis XIV. These great bronze guns weigh 5,500 pounds each, and are each eleven feet seven inches in length.



Cadet Hospital

THE BOMB

Fireside Reveries

I am sitting in the armchair by the firelight's ruddy glow,
Lost in dreamy recollections of the days of long ago.
From my pipe the smoke is curling in an azure-tinted cloud,
Soothing out the care and worry under which my head is bowed.
On the pane the frost has gathered, and the night is dark and cold;
From the caves the snow is whirling, and the winter wind is bold.
As the pages of the past unfold the years at V. M. I.,
My eyes grow dim with longing, from my heart there wells a sigh,
Though the snapping logs blaze cheerful, and the cozy room glows warm,
While within my homely shelter here I can not feel the storm,
Yet my heart is sore within me, as the pictures fade and rise,
For the passing of the friendships and the breaking of the ties.

.

From afar I hear the sighing of a bugle through the gloom,
And I see a sentry pacing like a shadow through a tomb,
Like a lonely shadow pacing on his cold and weary post,
Keeping guard throughout the nighttime for all the sleeping host.

I can see once more the camp-fire, with the boys all gathered round,
I can see their firelit faces, hear the banjo's haunting sound.
Now before me springs a vision of the gleam of many guns;
Down the road in steady column come Virginia's sturdy sons,
With the colors proudly waving in the balmy Southern air—
'Tis a sight to be remembered, when you once have seen it there.
In the mountains of Virginia, where the sunny hills are blue,
There's a place of fame and valor whose very name rings true.
Oh, the magic of the prideful words—a V. M. I. Cadet!
How glad I am I've been one—how I long to be one yet!

C. C. C., '16.

Greater
V. M. I.

Red, White and Yellow

Red, White and Yellow floats on high,
The Institute shall never die;
So now, Keydets, with one voice cry,
God bless our team and V. M. I.



The Virginia Military Institute To-Morrow



The Completed Barracks After Improvements



Barracks and Power-House After Improvements



General Plans of Improvements

THE BOMB

Sunset at V. M. I.

Just over the top of the rolling hills,
 A monarch on his throne,
The setting sun gilds the battlements
 With a glory not their own,
Till they seem like pillars of amber light
 Transfigured into stone.
And behind them the purple Blue Ridge
 Rising rugged 'gainst the sky
That is filled with crimson streamers—
 'Tis a sight that will never die
In the hearts of those who have seen it—
 Sunset at V. M. I.

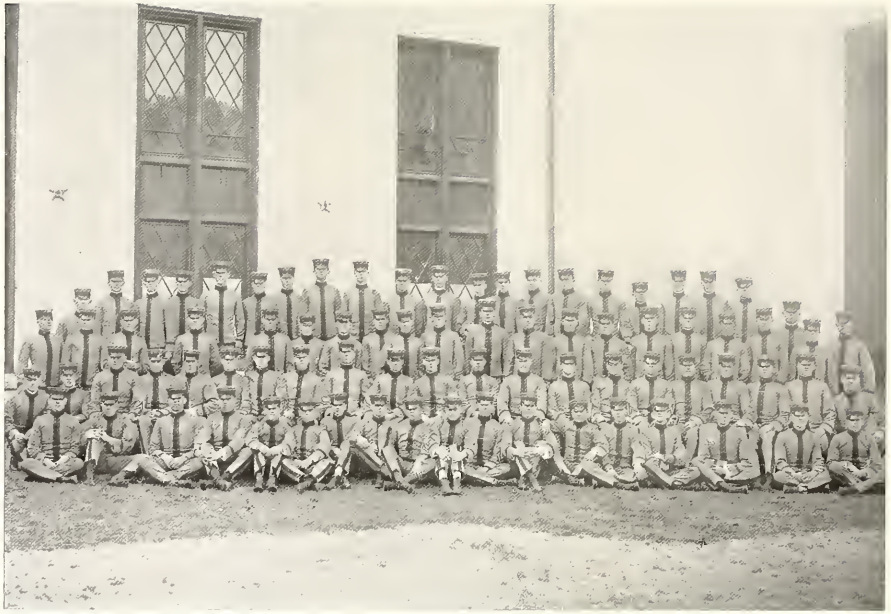
D. A. T., '18.

Class of 1916





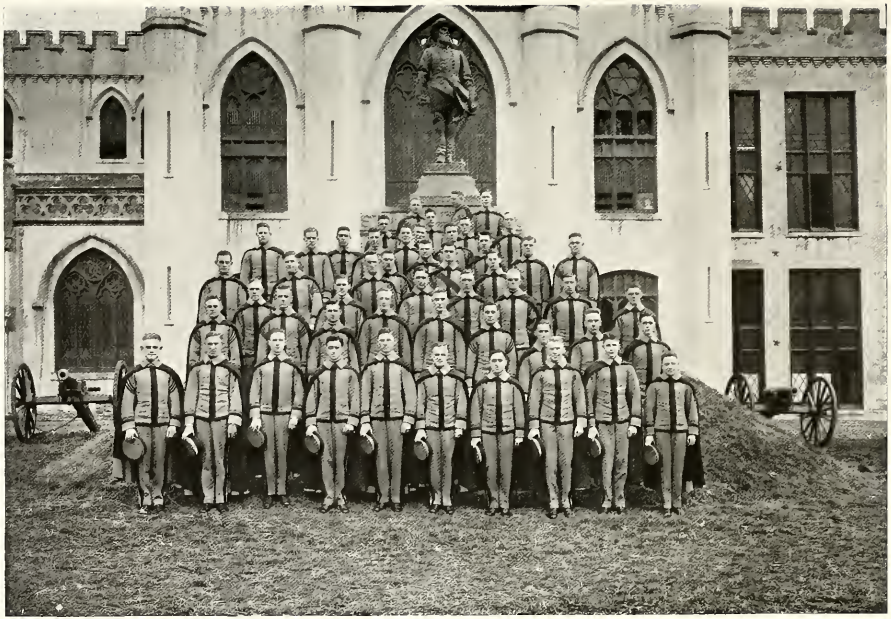
As Fourth Classmen



As Third Classmen



As Second Classmen



As First Classmen



Making Over V. M. I.

THE BOMB



First Class Officers

Colors: Blue and White

VICTOR REESE GILLESPIE President

LINDSAY PITTS Vice-President

HERNANDO MONEY READ Historian

THE BOMB



THOMAS DWYER AMORY

WILMINGTON, DEL.

Born 1892. Matriculated 1910.

"Tom"—"Differential"

"Tho' modest, on his unembarrass'd brow
Nature had written—gentleman."

—Byron.

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "B."
THIRD CLASS: Corporal Co. "D"; Class Baseball; Class Basket-Ball.
SECOND CLASS: Private Co. "A"; Scrub Basket-Ball; Class Baseball.
FIRST CLASS: Private Co. "F"; Color Guard; Scrub Basket-Ball.

"T. M."

WE introduce this molecule by saying that "Mutt" Loth is the only one here now that was when he arrived, and in the meantime "Mutt" dropped out for two years to attend Annapolis. However, we are glad "Tom" remained to graduate with Sixteen, else the class would have missed a charming personality. "Tom" has always been popular, because he is a good mixer. He can list to your joke, and then go you one better by smiling at it. As a Third Classman he was the devil for which some underclassmen are famous as being, but after he had lost his Corp for a misdemeanor, and several other mishaps had taken place, "Differential" reformed. When his First Class year arrived, with its astuteness, he was able to fit in admirably. Through all he has insisted on being an athlete, and, besides his accomplishments in basket-ball, the gym and dumb-bells have put many kinks in his figure. In two other respects he is the ideal keydet: he could snore in a boiler factory and he has never taken first stand in his classes. Amory intends to try his lance as a business man, and he is bound to ring the bell, because—



"He's got the friends, he's got the ways, he's got the will to do."

"Ha! Ha!"

THE BOMB

MOSS WILLIAM ARMISTEAD
PORTSMOUTH, VA.

Born 1895. Matriculated 1912.

"Jimmy"—"Moss"

"Beamy the world—yet a blank all the same."
—Browning.

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "D."
THIRD CLASS: Private Co. "D."
SECOND CLASS: Private Co. "D."
FIRST CLASS: Private Co. "E"; Cadet Dialectic Society; Marshal Final German.



STEPPING jauntily from the aft quarter of the Lightning Express(ly) Limited one fateful morning in September, our hero wended his way undismayed to the scene of future battles. On that day Moss learned many things, and the knowledge lent a somberness to his hitherto joyous countenance which the sound of the waves near "Norfolk by the sad, sad sea" does not seem to erase. He proposed to startle the world, and nearly succeeded. But the General refused to enthuse over the "young scamp's" military ability, whereat our young Napoleon decided to encumber the Army. If not too lazy, Moss can tell you how to go to sleep in ranks or how to get from 10-B to formation in half a second less than that. No one ever discovered whether our salt-sea warrior possessed a heart or not. Anyhow, he is minus one now if certain dainty missives from said Norfolk speak truly. And yet Moss is the kind who won't stay down, who knows how to work when the real test comes. Here's hoping him all success!



"How! That is gross—shut the gate."

THE BOMB



BLACKSTONE DRUMMOND AYRES

ACCOMAC, VA.

Born 1896. Matriculated 1913.

"B. D."—"Doc"—"Farmer"

"It would talk;
Lord, how it would talk."
—Beaumont and Fletcher.

THIRD CLASS: Private Co. "A"; Episcopal Church Club.

SECOND CLASS: Sergeant Co. "C"; Scrub Football; Vestry Episcopal Church Club; Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS: Second Lieutenant Co. "A"; Captain Varsity Track; Scrub Football; *Cadet* Staff; Vestry Episcopal Church Club; Marshal Final German.

THE scene above, which represents an editor of no little abilty and a lion with the ladies, is a member of the tribe of "Tommy." He was first seen to enter barracks with a sweet potato under one arm and an Irish potato under the other. He was immediately christened "Farmer." But he was not destined to be only a farmer, for his ability as an editor shone out until it was detected by Joe Collins. On the *Cadet* Staff he lauded the tribe of "Tommy," but spoke no good of the tribes of "Monk," "Rat," and "Chappie." Of course he couldn't get away with these attacks, but suffered a broken nose soon thereafter while fighting for honors on the gridiron. The peculiar thing about this was that it fell to the lot of a Liberal Artist to turn the trick. But this mishap did not call our hero to a halt, for he drowned its effects in—

"Bring on the Overholt, James, the weather has been mighty blustry."



THE BOMB



WILLIAM BROOKS BRADFORD

TALLAHASSEE, FLA.

Born 1896. Matriculated 1912.

"Swamp Rat"—"Brooks"

"O you shall see him laugh till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up."

—Shakespeare.

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "C."
THIRD CLASS: Corporal Co. "E"; Gym Team.
SECOND CLASS: Sergeant Co. "D"; Gym Team; Chairman Ring Committee.
FIRST CLASS: First Lieutenant Co. "D"; THE BOMB Staff; Gym Team; Class Football; Marshal Final German.

"T."

IN this noble, transcendent youth we have one in whom are embodied all the nobler sentiments of mankind—the very essence of honesty and virtue, gentle towards all, yet firm in his opinions. He is a denizen of the Florida swamps, whither he repairs during a part of the summer to ecstatically spend his time wallowing in the mud and playing "Peekaboo, I see you" with the darling little moccasins. As umbrageous spots are rather scarce, he comes back to us each September brown as a nut (more the color of a pecan than a butternut). For his honesty and wisdom of judgment he was chosen chairman of the ring committee, and you have but to gaze upon the exquisite masterpiece with which each '16 man's hand is adorned (and also that of a fair maid or two) to see conclusive evidence of his efficiency. We are sure that the world will hear of this young man, for his character, supported by his willingness to work, prophesy for him the career of a celebrity.

"You dumb First Classmen, wake up!"



THE BOMB



JOSEPH EVAN BREWSTER

UTICA, N. Y.

Born 1893. Matriculated 1913.

"Monte"—"Jo-Jo"—"J. Evan"—"H. O."

"Enthusiasm begets enthusiasm."
—Johnson.

THIRD CLASS: Private Co. "A"; Class Baseball.
SECOND CLASS: Sergeant Co. "A"; Marshal Final Ball.
FIRST CLASS: Private Co. "E"; Varsity Track; Marshal Final German.

AFTER an inspection tour of nearly every school in the United States, "Monte" entered V. M. I. to escape the pen, and now wishes he hadn't. From the day that his beautiful smile lightened the gloom of barracks, "J. Evan" desired above all things to wear a sword, but, alas, his fond dreams were shattered when he lost his chevrons. "Jo-Jo" gets a new calic every hop, but the climax was reached when, after one hop, he was caught trying to get freight rates on mail matter in car-load lots to Danville. Sad to say, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder"—for the other fellow, and now his biscuits have been cut in many slices. He missed his calling when he took Electricity, however; he was born to be a Liberal Artist, for he can take a word and draw it out into an all-night yarn. "Monte" is ambitious to enter the Army, and we expect to see him carrying the coveted sword some day. The best wishes of his friends and smitten calic will follow him wherever he goes.

"For the love of Mike, Mutt, be reasonable."



THE BOMB

JESSE JOHNSTON BURKS

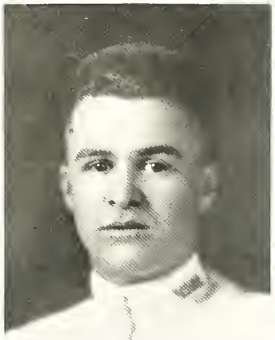
COMPTON BRIDGE, VA.

Born 1895. Matriculated 1912.

"Madam"—"Billy"—"Sister"

"Brother, thy tail hangs down behind"
—Road Song of the Bandarlog—Kipling.

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "D."
THIRD CLASS: Corporal Co. "C."
SECOND CLASS: Sergeant Co. "E"; Marshal Final Ball.
FIRST CLASS: Second Lieutenant Co. "E"; Marshal Final German.



HAILING from the uncharted river which Compton bridges, our friend "Madam" ruined her reputation at the beginning by rooming with the "Kink." Since those eventful days many men has she dwelled with; but few have been able to put up with her long, until her present partners in sorrow, taking pity on her because of the harshness of barracks, consented to receive their "Sister" into the haven of 99-B. To repay this kindess "Billy" showers them with her favors, and offers to make all concerned extremely athletic, she being a strong believer in the "New Woman." As was but fitting, "Billy" kept her feet in the straight and narrow way until a recent Christmas, when the rain probably caused her to slip from her seat. After the fireworks, "Sister" took all duty, swearing she had a bad cold, but we "hae our doots." She advocates the theory that "the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world," supporting her opinion against great opposition in the shape of No. 11 shoes. But, taking her all in all, our "Madam" has only one bad habit—she smokes.



"Oh, the hell you predominate!"

THE BOMB



CORNELIUS COLTON CHAPIN

RICHMOND, VA.

Born 1893. Matriculated 1911.

"Jape"—"Neal"

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, This was a man!"
—Shakespeore.

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "D."
THIRD CLASS: Private Co. "D"; Gym Team.
SECOND CLASS: Private Co. "D"; Gym Team; Marshal Final Ball.
FIRST CLASS: Private Co. "E"; Gym Team; Cadet Dialectic Society; Marshal Final German.

"DIVINELY tall and most divinely fair," large of limb and most beautifully fashioned. Might well be likened to the egg whereon the ostrich sits. One gloomy day in the year of disaster the sentinel on post was heard to laugh out loud, exclaiming: "Look what the cat drug in!" Our hero, blushing modestly, acknowledged the introduction and proceeded to make himself at home. The acquisition of indiscriminate knowledge became his ambition, for which he spends many hours of diligent slumber. Having acquired all there was to know about electricity, he sighed for more worlds to conquer. Obedient to this craving, he realized his ideals in the new course, otherwise known as "Cots and Covers." Like all men of great learning, "Jape" is a bit absent-minded. One Christmas while making lemonade (?) he carelessly laid his finger on the table and tried to cut it off. Whatever profession will grace his services we have not the imagination to picture, but we'll go you the limit on this—he makes good.

"You swear!"

"The Keydet bold, he is not old.—How!"



THE BOMB



MORTIMER HEATH CHRISTIAN

KESWICK, VA.

Born 1895. Matriculated 1911.

"Percy"—"Mort"—"Cavalier"—"Percy Bysshe"—"Hard Luck"

"The worst fault that you have, is to be in love." —*Shakespeare.*

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "D"; Gym Team.
THIRD CLASS: Private Co. "C"; Gym Team; Monogram Club.
SECOND CLASS: Private Co. "D"; Gym Team; Monogram Club; Marshal Final Ball.
FIRST CLASS: Private Co. "D"; Captain Gym Team; Cheer Leader; Monogram Club; Hop Committee; Marshal Final German.

"T."

BEHOLD this "Wrath of God," who is characterized by his ever-present hard luck raised to the *n*th power. This is indicated not only by the way he crapped out in No. 54, but by his untimely attendance of the W. and L. hops. He says that he never appreciated the 40's until after his first Saturday afternoon in the guard-house. But when these memories overwhelm him, all that is necessary to bring the sunshine to his otherwise solemn countenance is to mention "Baltimore Smile." Then, "Merci," what a change! So, after all, she may deserve his golden shower of affection. History is rather hazy as to his Rathood, but the Guard Tree has witnessed many of his struggles and defeats up until the time he fortified his position with Liberal Arts. So safe and secure does he feel behind this barrier that he spreads his downy couch with regularity at 2.00 P. M. with only one precaution—"Wake me up at 4 o'clock, will you, Paul?" Somehow "Percy" has acquired the idea that the Army needs improving, and after his graduation he expects to be among those present when General Wood calls the roll. But no matter what he may do, we feel sure that he will manage to get rid of his persistent "jinx."



"That's what I want to know—how come?"

THE BOMB



CHARLES JOSEPH COLLINS

TAMPA, FLA.

Born 1894. Matriculated 1913.

"Joe"—"Eddie"

"So now, Classmates, a fond farewell—
I'll meet you later on in Heaven."

—Anonymous.

THIRD CLASS: Private Co. "B."
SECOND CLASS: Sergeant Co. "A"; Assistant Editor-in-Chief *Cadet;* Marshal Final Ball.
FIRST CLASS: Second Lieutenant Co. "E"; Editor-in-Chief *Cadet;* Editor Christmas Supplement; THE BOMB Staff; President Cadet Literary Society; Athletic Council; Inter-Collegiate Debate Council; Cadet Librarian; Marshal Final German.

"T. M."

JOE is ambitious. And this is just about half. The other half is that he usually gets what he goes after. He wanted to put out the best *Cadet* that the Institute has ever had, and he did—not by accident, but through his ability and work. In fact, he is the editor of two papers. The other comes out every other day and is mailed to Pittsburgh. "Eddie" is "hard away" after an intellect. Most any time you can find him at the library devouring Browning or somebody's "Life of Gladstone." Why, he reads this stuff like a Third Classman does the "Parisienne"! Also, he is always ready for any scheme that 62 can devise, and this is going some. And when he dances—O Bucyrus! He took enough lessons to break and manœuver a calic to the door, and then—look out for your Biscuits if he has them, for here is where this Liberal Artist shines. He is a natural-born organizer and big dog in the literary societies. We are looking forward to some day purchasing a set of his works. So 'ere's to you, "Joe." Remember that the wishes of your many friends are that some day you may attain your "Climax."

"Is that a fact-ory?"



WALTER WILLIAM COSBY

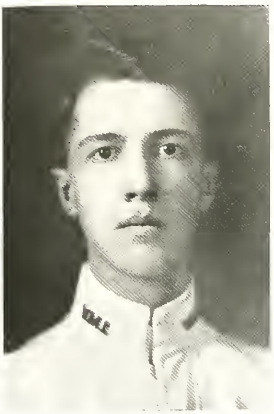
BRANDY STATION, VA.

Born 1894. Matriculated 1913.

"Venie"—"Coz"

"Saint abroad, and devil at home."
—Bunyan.

THIRD CLASS: Private Co. "E."
SECOND CLASS: Private Co. "E"; Marshal Final Ball.
FIRST CLASS: Military Secretary; Marshal Final German.



THIS sedate personage from the hills of Virginia became real popular a very few minutes after he matriculated, for his name is not an unknown one amongst cadets. His great pastime is boasting how he turned down a sergeantcy and handed it over to his friend "Guy." He is a veritable lion among the ladies—his correspondence is sufficient proof. "Coz" demonstrated to his roommates one night his ability as a cat tamer when about two o'clock in the morning he was awakened by a sham battle among the members of the Feline Family. No cadet in all barracks has such a figure as he possesses, for when he struts about the Institute he reminds one of a "Boxing Kangaroo," and he was known to fall once and rock himself to sleep. We have been unsuccessful in our efforts to get all of the country dialect out of him. He is a follower of "Monk," and some day we expect to pass Brandy Station and find it so illuminated that one might think it Broadway. Here's to you, "Coz," hoping that your success will be as great as it has been at your Alma Mater.



"Gosh darn't."

THE BOMB



HARRY ASHBY DEBUTTS

UPPERVILLE, VA.

Born 1895. Matriculated 1912.

"Halfy"—"Arry"—"D"

"While his off-heel, insidiously aside,
Provokes the caper which he seems to chide."
—Sheridan.

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "A."

THIRD CLASS: Corporal Co. "A"; Class Football; Class Baseball; Assistant Manager Football.

SECOND CLASS: Color Sergeant Co. "A"; Class Football; Class Baseball, Ring Committee; Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS: Captain Co. "B"; Class Football; Manager Basket-Ball; *Cadet* Staff; Monogram Club; Athletic Council; Banquet Committee; Manager Mandolin Club; Marshal Final German.

"T. M."

FOUR years ago this Vernon Castle the Second decided to leave his native haunts of Upperville, Va., and acquire some hard-earned knowledge at V. M. I. This he has not succeeded in doing—hence his nickname, "Hawf Wit." He struts around 18 by the hour, with a campaign hat where his brains ought to be, swearing that he is going to be an officer in the Field Artillery; but as "a battery seen is a battery destroyed," he hasn't much chance—especially on account of his radiant complexion. He is known by the fair sex as an easy mark, throwing class rings promiscuously around the floor and dancing the "jitney roll" with the most idyllic expression of beatitude. He is very fond of a combination of Rudyard Kipling and the Smoky City, but in the summer time he is in his prime, following the hounds on his favorite burro. Being a follower of "T. Jones, Virginia," he is sure to come out on top in the end, and he will always be welcome wherever he goes—especially to the calic. Go get 'em, Harry.

"Damn! Ain't she keen?"



THE BOMB

DELANCY A. DEGRAFF

KINGSTON, N. Y.

Born 1894. Matriculated 1911.

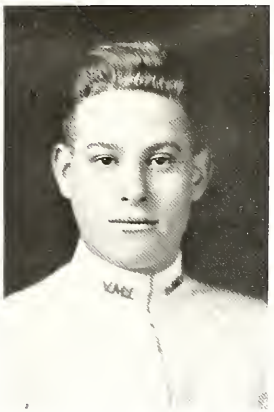
"Ike"—"Kike"—"DeeGrawss"

"I drink when I have occasion, and sometimes when I have no occasion."

—Cervantes.

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "F."
THIRD CLASS: Private Co. "A"; Hop Committee.
SECOND CLASS: Sergeant Co. "A"; Hop Committee; Assistant Leader Final Ball.
FIRST CLASS: Private Co. "B"; THE BOMB Staff; Vice-President Cotillion Club; Banquet Committee; Assistant Leader Final German.

"N."



HE'S the only First Classman who tells the truth about what he does, and doesn't care who knows. The "Kike" goes hog wild about "the light that shines in woman's eyes," and in its bright glow great "Gladness" can be seen to envelop him. It's lucky that he doesn't want a dip, for the requirements for a diploma are: "elementary mathematics and a little English, History, and Geology," none of which could be developed into a thesis by the "Kike." He has the handiest car in the world—it can be made to go deaf by pressing a certain rib, and when he so desires he's off to Lynchburg. The bell-hops say: "Yessah, Mr. "Ike," right upstairs, suh." Oh, he's renowned, all right. He learned to love his home town this summer, and talked about it for weeks, until the lotus food that we eat took effect, so that last year's doings become as a dream. We feel sure that he will come out of the big end of the horn, if the little end is too small; but what he does when he comes out is most doubtful—yet full of Gladness, I reckon.



"Let's get some good 'G-G-'s'."
"O Lor-rd, I wish I had lots of money!"

THE BOMB



J. A. BROADUS DILLARD

FREDERICKSBURG, VA.

Born 1896. Matriculated 1912.

"Dogie"—"Runt"

"Who, by taking thought, can add one cubit unto his stature?"

—*Bible.*

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "C."

THIRD CLASS: Private Co. "C"; Class Basket Ball.

SECOND CLASS: Private Co. "C"; Assistant Editor *Cadet*, Class Baseball; Company Rifle Team; Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS: Private Co. "D"; *Cadet* Staff; Varsity Track; Marshal Final German.

BEHOLD "John Barleycorn" Dillard—at least with the aid of a magnifying glass. This startling likeness was obtained by an ingenious combination of microscope and photograph lens designed especially for the occasion. "Dogie" was an exceedingly cute Rat, and was taken for an A. D. T. boy when he reported in short breeches to the O. D. Since then micrometer measurements show his development nearly .0024 of an inch. This represents his growth in stature only—nothing can gauge his growth as a calic's man. It is on record that one lady said: "Oh, that Mr. Dillard! Every time I see him I want to take him on my lap and cuddle him." Also, "*d c*" thinks he is running a branch of the Lexington P. O. in 99-B, judging from the gross excess of passionately tinted mail he both sends and receives. "Dogie" is a highbrow of highbrows, making an 8.8 on one exam when afflicted with an excruciating headache, which barred him from all but eight hours' study. Lastly, "Soap" seems to think that he is a combination phonograph and steam calliope, although he couldn't carry a tune in a bucket, and only whistles "Aloha Oe" off the key. Truth forces us to add that the Fishes have nothing on him.



"I thought I'd die."

THE BOMB

GUY HUMPHREY DREWRY

LA CROSSE, VA.

Born 1894. Matriculated 1913.

"Pie"—"Little George"

"The world knows nothing of its greatest men."

—Henry Taylor.

THIRD CLASS: Private Co. "C"

SECOND CLASS: Sergeant Co. "C"; Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS: Military Secretary; Marshal Final German.



THE unlucky year 1913 ushered into our midst a Rat who hails from nowhere, in fact, but he informed us by his facial characteristics that even if he resembled a crust of pie he was sure to leave a noble impression on all who came in contact with him. His favorite pastime is sitting in his room writing lengthy epistles, and Du knows that the mail has missed connection if Guy does not get his daily message. He tells his friends that "Brigadier-General" Drewry is the man who runs this post, and if Harry could hear him command he would not have him knocking a "stone-crusher." The "Lone Wolf" can be seen strolling on the streets of Lexington at all hours when not writing orders, and it is a sure fact that if he should reveal the happenings on these eventful journeys they would disclose things of a really surprising nature. After a few minutes' study, his feet perched high above his head, he will toss his book aside and hastily exclaim: "It is mighty soft!" Expects to found an "N" and "D" Academy in which the courses of Domestic Science and Electrical Engineering will be taught.



"That's pretty soft."

THE BOMB



PAUL HOLLIDAY DUNCAN

JONESVILLE, VA.

Born 1894. Matriculated 1912.

"Guttersnipe"—"P"

"What probing deep
Has ever solved the mystery of sleep?"
—Aldrich.

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "C."
THIRD CLASS: Private Co. "C."
SECOND CLASS: Private Co. "C"; Marshal Final Ball.
FIRST CLASS: Private Co. "B"; Southwest Virginia Club; Marshal Final German.

"T. M."

ON the second of September, four years ago, there appeared in the doorway of 103 a cigarette, followed by the above specimen. One glance is sufficient to show that he is from Southwest Virginia and a follower of "Tommy." What he can do with a transit would fill numerous volumes similar to those containing the Life History of Alexander the Great, and he has been heard to say upon several occasions that with a little application he could easily stand with "Sherlock" and "Kink." While a Rat, his ability to whistle "Home, Sweet Home" with his nose placed against that of a brother Rat, and of maintaining his equilibrium while coasting in a bowl, won him everlasting renown. We wonder, when a Third Classman, why he made frequent trips to 9-B on Saturday nights, and how he always seemed to know when to "look at 'em." If in the future he uses his head as he has here, the Class feels certain that he will be a credit to the Institute. We wish you luck, P. Duncan from Jonesville.



"'Rock,' what time is it?"

THE BOMB



ARMAND DURANT

ATLANTA, GA.

Born 1895. Matriculated 1914.

"Monk"—"Army"—"Our Hero"

"His only fault was loving ladies."
—Marlowe.

SECOND CLASS: Private Co. "F"; Scrub Baseball; Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS: Private Co. "F"; *Cadet* Staff: Business Manager Christmas Supplement; President Dialectic Society; Inter-Collegiate Debate Council; Marshal Final German.

"T. M."

THE man with a thousand hearts. All a calic has to do is to stomp on his foot, say "Damn!" and he is hers—until another sings him some wild and woolly song. After two years at Annapolis and color-blindness, "Army" came to V. M. I. as a Second Class Rat. Here he has distinguished himself as a leader, an excellent manager, and an orator upon whom the Dialectic Society always falls back when up against a knot. "Our Hero" is the god of all Third Classmen, and any one rushing into a room after tattoo that seemed to hold much excitement, judging from the crowd assembled, would find "Army" haranguing the "newly-old" cadets. He is the ideal Liberal Artist; give him an idea and he will talk all night on it—or write an eighteen-page special delivery to North Carolina. Durant's ambition is still in Navy circles, and he expects eventually to parade Uncle Sam's poop deck with a sword in one hand and a bottle of grape juice in the other. He will be there, too, for what he wants he usually gets.



So here to you, "Army."
On the sea we hope you'll ride;
Orator, lover, boulger,
And admiral on the side.

"Such is life without a wife—in the Navy."

THE BOMB



JOHN HENRY FECHHEIMER

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Born 1897. Matriculated 1912.

"*Murphy*"—"*John*"

"But belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old."

—Bishop Still.

Fourth Class: Private Co. "C"; Varsity Tennis; Class Football; Class Basket-Ball.

Third Class: Corporal Co. "D"; Varsity Tennis; Scrub Football; Class Football; Class Basket-Ball.

Second Class: Private Co. "D"; Varsity Tennis; Scrub Football; Class Football; Class Basket-Ball.

First Class: Private Co. "D"; Captain Varsity Tennis; Scrub Football; Marshal Final German.

FRIEDHEIMER," "Feckheimer," "Flick"—aw, hell, call him "Murphy"! And "Murphy" it has been ever since. What John can't do with a tennis racquet, a pair of boxing gloves, or a busted flush, isn't worth doing, and he has a habit of showing up the big boys when he dons his football breeches. Furthermore, being a Liberal Artist, he cares not whether he hits the hay at 1:30 or 2:00 P. M., but he manages to find time to keep up with the latest fiction and the snappiest plays from his old stamping-ground, Broadway. He occasionally exhibits some of the Bowery stuff, as when he tried to bite a hockey stick in two. This but enhanced his charming smile and brogue—assets exceeded in value only by his winsome ways with the ladies. According to "Moiphy," however, his "affairs" are the only dark chapters in his life. He may be heard at any time singing his national song, "They're hanging men and women for the *Lackin'* of the green."

"I ain't kiddin' yer."



THE BOMB

RICHARD FISHBURNE

LEESBURG, VA.

Born 1894. Matriculated 1913.

"King"—"Der Gross"

"High-erected thoughts seated in the heart of courtesy."

—Sir Phillip Sidney.

THIRD CLASS: Private Co. "C."
SECOND CLASS: Sergeant Co. "A"; Presbyterian Church Club.
FIRST CLASS: Private Co. "C"; Marshal Final German.

"S. O. S."



WHAT is it? We have called it everything from Socrates to September Morn, but nothing suits. This dear boy came to us from what he contends is God's country. We feel certain that if it keeps growing it will sometime in the next twenty centuries be a recognized village. The "King" hopes to illuminate the world by becoming the chief consulting engineer of the Westinghouse people. Is a diligent follower of "Monk," and aspires some day to be able to tell "if an ampere turns will a voltmeter or not?" That, however, is of minor importance compared to his musical ability. He is often heard singing, "I wonder who's kissing her now," and the Blanc(he) expression on his countenance is really pathetic. During his Second Class year his hopes of becoming a second Napoleon were shattered when he was placed under arrest for "allowing inflammable matter tied to cat's tail to be lighted in first stoop annex." But he is assured of great success in life if he continues to be as diligent and persevering as he has been here. Here's to you, "King"!



"I've-a-a-s."



DOUGLAS DESAUSSURE FRASER

STAUNTON, VA.

Born 1892. Matriculated 1913.

"Doug"—"Hortense"

"He was the mildest mannerd man
That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat"
—Byron.

THIRD CLASS: Private Co. "E"; Class Football.
SECOND CLASS: Private Co. "E"; Class Football; Marshal Final Ball.
FIRST CLASS: Private Co. "E"; Class Football; Marshal Final German.

KNOW all men and women by these presents, that the above was not as meek as generally supposed. One of his greatest pleasures in his First Class year was to entice Third Classmen to 78, where he showed them the skillful use of bayonet, bröom, or plank. This was his only form of dissipation, but between rev and B. R. C. he became a holy terror, putting up his hay, cussing his roommates for not putting up theirs, and occasionally throwing a little cold water at his face. Body and soul he is wrapped up in the "Order of the Private," having seen three years' service as such at A. M. A. and three here. What he'll do when he leaves here is undecided, but he is contemplating entering the militia, where he hopes some day to become a "corp." And from B. R. C. to the next rev he is the same old good-natured "Doug."

"Drive on, Oscar; write to me."



THE BOMB

ROBERT HERMAN FRIEDMAN

NORFOLK, VA.

Born 1896. Matriculated 1913.

"Itchie"—"Napoleon"—"Friedheimer"

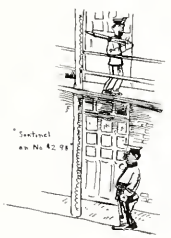
"My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter!
Fled with a Christian
O my Christian ducats"

—Shakespeare.

THIRD CLASS: Private Co. "C"; Class Football.
SECOND CLASS: Private Co. "C"; Class Football.
FIRST CLASS: Private Co. "C"; Class Football; Marshal Final German.



LO and behold, ye children of Israel! We are sending forth into your midst "Itchie the Famous." He was thrust upon us one bright day in September of the year nineteen-thirteen. The strength of "Itchie" was noticed upon his arrival at the Arch—his grip overflowing with pumpernickel, sauerkraut, and wienies. The fact that he is a true son of Israel was shown in several cases His immediate refusal to buy the radiator in his room more than confirmed his ancestry. Entering as a Third Class Rat, he soon became efficient and looked forward to becoming an Officer of the Guard, after finding that he was too "small" to be First Captain. As an O. G. he is very good, except that he gets excited and gives "Half price" instead of "Half step." For a profession "Itchie" has chosen Electrical Engineering; so beware, O children of Israel, lest he shock you with his greatness. He attends the hops, and has a little queen in Norfolk by the "sad, sad sea." It is indeed sad. But here's to you, "Itchy," old man; we feel sure that you will be a success and a credit to your Alma Mater.



"I gotta inspiration."

THE BOMB



JESSE HONAKER FUGATE

PULASKI, VA.

Born 1893. Matriculated 1912.

"Tempus"—"Oscar"—"Private"

"When I beheld this I sighed, and said within myself, Surely man is a Broomstick."
—Swift.

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "A."
THIRD CLASS: Private Co. "A."
SECOND CLASS: Private Co. "A"; Marshal Final Ball.
FIRST CLASS: Private Co. "A"; Marshal Final German.

THIS bird of the wilderness migrated from his Reed Island home in the fall of 1912. When he reached Lexington he joined a flock of his own species and wintered there. It has been a habit of his for the last four years. For the first few summers he flew home, but he was finally persuaded by his flock to make an overland flight to the springs. Here he learned to drink alum water and handle bones like a vulture. As a First Classman he was Captain of the Hay Team, attaining this over Liberal Artists because of the many more difficulties he had to contend with. He gave most of his time to the team, spending the rest in warming up for the nightly set-back tournaments. In these he was champion, being the only man to hold the championship of 78 for five consecutive days. The most prized of his possessions is his peace pipe, which he uses to quiet his temper if by chance his eyes fall on his book of alternating currents.

"'Bout that time the elephant came in to get a shave and I left."



THE BOMB

FREDERICK VON ENDE GAILLARD
GREENVILLE, TEX.

Born 1894. Matriculated 1912.

"Corp"

"If you are an alchemist make gold of that."
—Shakespeare.

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "F."
THIRD CLASS: Private Co. "F."
SECOND CLASS: Private Co. "F"; Texas Club; Class Baseball; Marshal Final Ball.
FIRST CLASS: Private Co. "A"; Texas Club: Marshall Final German.



IN Texas there's a stream (?). This stream is called the Sabine. On the banks of the Sabine is a metropolis (?). This is called Greenville. Or, if you can't figure it out from that, just say it's near Dallas and let it go at that. He joined Sixteen in September, 1912, and with ours and Major P. Foot's tender care he has been with us ever since. Don't think that "Corp" ever was one. His sleeve has never been soiled with chevrons, but some men sure do get rolled! Ole Rat induced him to follow the analysers, and for two years he has been engaged in making all kinds of mixtures and odors. Rather careless of me, but I almost forgot his fiddle. He brought it with him, and, although threats to break it over his head have often been made, he still has it. This love of music led him to the hops in his Rat year. He's changed, though, and now from a safe distance views the calic and passes judgment—either "keen" or "gross." What's he going to do? I don't know that, but just keep your eyes on him, and if he doesn't blow himself up, some of the alchemists will be turning over in their graves.



"When I was an urchin——"

THE BOMB



PETER CHARLES GEYER

ANCON, C. Z.

Born 1894. Matriculated 1912.

"Peter"—"Panama Pete"

"My only books
Were woman's looks
And folly's all they taught me."
—*Moore.*

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "B."

THIRD CLASS: Corporal Co. "E"; Varsity Track.

SECOND CLASS: Sergeant Co. "E"; Varsity Track; Class Basket-Ball; Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS: First Lieutenant Co. "F"; Varsity Track; Class Football; Cadet Dialectic Society; Inter-Collegiate Debate Council; Marshal Final German.

FROM the mud-bedecked banks of the Panama Canal there issued forth one sunshiny day a meek, sandy-haired, blue-eyed youth. He bade farewell to the hairy tarantula and various other insects characteristic of that tropical zone, and with a heavy heart departed for V. M. I. Ship and train transported him safely to us. Thrown so suddenly upon the world, his meekness soon departed, and ere long he blossomed forth in all his glory, the very embodiment of confident and glorious young manhood! Many are his goodly qualities, and many are his bad. Most unfortunately, he has a spark of genius in his diminutive brain, and, like many such geniuses, disdains work. But at times, when not engaged in the perusal of the "Parisienne" or other examples of our modern literature, he may be seen lost to the world under a mountain of letters which exude all the varieties of perfume known to the Beau Brummelistic world. Then we know that Peter is adding one more to his long list of conquests. Besides being able to run forty miles under stimulation of a few boxes of Piedmonts, Peter is a talented linguist and musician, being able to torture "linked sweetness, long drawn out," from an ocharina and perform on a flute at the same time.



"What the——?"

VICTOR REESE GILLESPIE

TAZEWELL, VA.

Born 1894. Matriculated 1912.

"Rock"

"I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark"
—Shakespeare.



FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "F"; Varsity Baseball.

THIRD CLASS: Corporal Co. "F""; Varsity Baseball; Captain Tennis Team.

SECOND CLASS: First Sergeant Co. "C"; Captain Varsity Baseball; Captain Tennis Team; Class Football; Vice-President Athletic Council; Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS: Captain Co. "F"; President Class; President Athletic Council; Monogram Club (4, 3, 2 and 1); Captain Varsity Baseball; President Southwest Virginia Club; Captain Class Football; Chairman Banquet Committee; Tennis Team; Marshal Final German.

"T. M."

THIS is not a duck, ladies and gentlemen, but Victor Reese, from Tazewell, Va. He is better known as "Rock," not on account of his hardness, but on account of his noble features. His best friend is the "Doctor," with whom he takes long rides each week. As an athlete "Rock" has made himself famous, being for four years one of the mainstays on the baseball team. Some say that his skill is due to his ears, as nothing can get past them. He also handles a tennis racket with great dexterity. He is the only living man who has had the distinction of giving "form sections" at D. R. C. Victor Reese says he has a calic, but the only proof we have is an occasional letter from Mary Baldwin Seminary. "Rock" has that rare faculty, the handling of men. He can stir the Corps into a fury or calm the men by some quaint remark. He is a follower of "Tommy," and is sure to make a success in any walk of life in which he chooses to wander.



"Put 'em down the alley, you big stiff."

THE BOMB



CARL GROOVER

QUITMAN, GA.

Born 1895. Matriculated 1912.

"Gonni"—"Carl"—"Drip"

"And a woman is only a woman,
But a good cigar is a smoke."

—*Kipling.*

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "E."
THIRD CLASS: Private Co. "E."
SECOND CLASS: Private Co. "E"; Marshal Final Ball.
FIRST CLASS: Private Co. "D"; Marshal Final German.

"T."

"GONNI" CARL GROOVER—soldier, gentleman, Liberal Artist, tourist, hay monger, gamewarden, gross B. A.-er, lower road track man, and for three years a private of Company "E"; but now he is distinguished as "Maj-ah Groover-r-r." However, for all of these virtues, but few calic have been favored with his correspondence. What it takes to push a "Titanic" around the gym through the mazes of the "Castle Trot" this E. Lex. beau brummel has "shore got it"! In fact, the only object upon which his affections have so far been centered has been Kipling's inspiring poem, "Tommy Atkins." His first conscious action, upon being awakened, is to reach for one of "them Pied-i-mount Hotel Cigrets." Being a Liberal Artist born and bred, he can be found every afternoon shrouded in his "Lily White Hay." After graduation his ambition divides between being a wholesale commission merchant and entering the Army with "Percy." But, owing to his adverseness to married life, we are confident that in years to come there will be naught but a fence running around his house. Howe'er that be, his generosity and ever-ready wit will stand him in good stead.

"Suits me." "How-w-w."



"How do do! I have played tonight!"

THE BOMB

STERLING MURRAY HEFLIN

LEESBURG, VA.

Born 1894. Matriculated 1913.

"Hef"—"Count"—"Zeplin"—"Sam"
"Teddy Bear"—"War Hoss"



"O it is excellent
To have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant."

—Shakespeare.

THIRD CLASS: Private Co. "F"; Class Football; Class Baseball.

SECOND CLASS: First Sergeant Co. "E"; Scrub Football; Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS: Captain Co. "C"; Varsity Football; Monogram Club; Marshal Final German.

THIS large mass of humanity, it appears, was predestined to have a career of prominence from the beginning. The first fire-drill he attended saw the beginning of his fame. At the sound of fire-call he grabbed his broom, and, with martial tread, strode to his company, broom at the right shoulder. On being questioned, he came to present arms, and said he was going to fan out the flames. He was decorated for bravery under fire. With this dare-devil nature still raging in him he selected Electricity and pursued it diligently—that is, when he was not writing to some girl met on a football trip, or playing set back. His title of "War Hoss" was gained in football, but his real athletic ability was shown when he went in as a pinch hitter and secured the pitcher's goat. Moreover, it is well known in barracks that he can handle two Third Classmen and a bayonet, shave, and play a trombone all at the same time.



"Dad blame it!"

THE BOMB



CHARLES HOLMES HIX, JR.

NORFOLK, VA.

Born 1893. Matriculated 1912.

"Skeeter"

"Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever,
One foot in sea and one on shore,
To one thing constant never."
—Shakespeare

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "D"; Track Team; Class Football; Class Baseball.

THIRD CLASS: Corporal Co. "C"; Class Baseball; Hop Committee.

SECOND CLASS: Sergeant Co. "B"; Assistant Manager Baseball; Class Baseball; Vice-President Norfolk Club, Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS: First Lieutenant Co. "F"; Varsity Track; Class Baseball; Cheer Leader; President Norfolk Club; Marshal Final German.

"T. M."

IT will not be clear to every one what this is, but to a student of zoölogy it is easily seen to be an insect, or, in other words, a "skeeter." He rose like Cytherea from the Nile and entered V. M. I. with the other Wharf Rats from Norfolk. He came into prominence as a Rat when in a class football game he got away with some ten-second work for a touchdown. However, on the next play some mighty First Classman sat on him, and "Skeeter" has never buzzed on the gridiron since. After his Rat year he became famous as running against "Mutt" Loth for president of the Ananias Club. He tells the gullible keydets of the fairest of the fair that have entered his adventurous life, and speaks of "marvelous" letters to prove his high standing at Hollins. He swears that he will be a rear-admiral, and that he will never allow a member of the fair sex to ensnare his affections. If he diverts his energies to their proper paths he will leave the realms of "skeeters" behind and become a big bug some day.

"Biscuits!"



THE BOMB

HENRY BENJAMIN HOLMES, JR.
NEWPORT NEWS, VA.

Born 1892. Matriculated 1912.
"Sleuth"—"Sherlock"—"H. B."
"Whosit"



"Such grace befell not every man on earth as crowns this one."

—Swinburne.

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "A"; Class Basket-Ball

THIRD CLASS: Corporal Co. "F"; Class Basket-Ball, Class Baseball; Secretary-Treasurer Y. M. C. A.; French Medal.

SECOND CLASS: First Sergeant Co. "A"; Class Basket-Ball; Assistant Manager Basket-Ball; Vice-President Y. M. C. A.; President Peninsula Club; Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS: Captain Co. "A"; Valedictorian; Manager Football; Class Football; Monogram Club; Athletic Council; THE BOMB Staff; President Peninsula Club; Banquet Committee; Marshal Final German.

THIS "Sleuth," the first Rat in the class to matriculate, got an early start on the rest of the Misters and has managed to maintain this lead in many respects. At first he was like all Rats, but at makeovers in his Third Class year he found himself the possessor of the proud distinction of "First Corp," and the following spring he won more glory as a pinch hitter in a class game. He cast his lot with the Civil bunch, and has ever since been "Tommy's" pride and joy. At this time he first began to exhibit his gliding abilities and to manifest great interest in the fair sex, with the result that a constant line of communication has since been held with Staunton. Is a firm believer in the barracks' maxim that "All work and no hay will help me get my dip—some day," and has diligently tried to enforce this rule on those who dwell on the second stoop. Says he is going to be a railroad man, and if he is we are sure that some day he will be at the top—and not of some side-door pullman, either. Luck to yer, "Sherlock"!



"The ladies, God bless 'em, I love 'em all!"

THE BOMB



JOHN LEIGH HYLAND

VICKSBURG, MISS.

Born 1894. Matriculated 1911.

"Watso"

"He'll be squattin' on the coals,
Givin' drinks to poor damned souls."
—Kipling.

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "E"; Class Basball.
THIRD CLASS: Private Co. "E"; Class Baseball.
SECOND CLASS: Private Co. "E"; Class Baseball; Marshal Final Ball.
FIRST CLASS: Private Co. "B"; Marshal Final German.

BEHOLD! Look what we have before us—and from the battle-scarred fields of Vicksburg! Although his home town is well known to all thirteen-year-old kids who read the hair-raising tales of the various conflicts around Vicksburg, he has high hopes of hearing some proud civilian say, while hanging around the country store, "That John Leigh Hyland is a smart boy—I remember when he lived here." Having cast his lot with the Civil Engineers, he has every intention of thrilling the world with his marvelous skill. Has had much experience even before graduation—building levees and ditches. His most pleasant pastime in the summer is squirrel hunting. He often has his roommates in tears when they are listening to his tales of squirrel slaughter. But of all his accomplishments, the sad part has been left till now—he is in love. Gets not less than seven letters a day, all from the wilds of Mississippi. He'll have to move to Utah if this keeps up. With all his faults we love him still. May luck be with you, "Watso."

"Baby needs a new pair of shoes."



WILLIAM BERTRAM JONES

SUFFOLK, VA.

Born 1896. Matriculated 1912.

"State Ship"—(later) "State Cadet"

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."
—Keats.

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "E"; Class Baseball
THIRD CLASS: Private Co. "C"; Class Baseball; Class Basket-Ball.
SECOND CLASS: Private Co. "C"; Class Baseball.
FIRST CLASS: Private Co. "C"; Class Basket-Ball; Marshal Final German.



"CADET" was first seen uptown about 6.00 P. M. with a sad look upon his face, this thought running through his mind: "Oh, the garden spot of the world—peanuts, Smithfield hams, and calic!" After the fair lad had attended the first hops he knew more about Lexington and the calic than all the rest of the Corps together, "Utah" being the only problem which puzzles him. "State" can be seen any Saturday rolling into Squire's, following "S. Pig" Pitts to take him over the road for a game of pool. He walks up from the lab answering questions for the benefit of the whole bunch of Chemistry knowledge-less wonders. The same group assembles in 32 at 12:56 to consult the professor about problems. Our dear friend will soon leave us to land at Hopewell and prove to Mr. Du Pont that gun powder can be made out of air; so here's to him, and may he drag down maxes in life as easily as he has done in Ole Rat's classes.



"If you ain't big dog, don't bark."
"No, no; that's wrong!"



GUSTAV KAROW

SAVANNAH, GA.

Born 1893. Matriculated 1914.

"Gus"—"Giuseppe"—"Ludwig"
"Mistah Cairo"

"Great is thy pow'r an' great thy fame;
Far kenn'd an' noted is thy name;"
—Burns.

THIRD CLASS: Private Co. "A"; Mandolin Club.
SECOND CLASS: Private Co. "A"; Class Football; Mandolin Club; Cadet Orchestra; Cadet Bugler; Marshal Final Ball.
FIRST CLASS: Private Co. "E"; Class Football; THE BOMB Staff; *Cadet* Staff; Leader Mandolin Club; Leader Cadet Orchestra; Minstrel Show; Dialectic Society; Cadet Bugler; Marshal Final German.

"T."

"GUS" came to us as a New Year's present, a genuine college sport fresh from Princeton. He immediately took his place among those other noted musicians banded together under the name of The Mandolin Club. His ability to play, or rather to make a noise, on any known instrument has caused his name to be recchoed along the stoops, especially when he attempts to rival "Tom" in blowing tattoo and taps. He will live at the Institute long after he graduates as the author of several football songs, for which he deserves great credit. "Ludwig" is also a great favorite with the calic. The real one (calic, we mean) has never made her appearance at V. M. I., but he still remains true to her in spite of "Brown Eyes" and her charming ways. It is said that he does not have Her down to the hops because he is afraid that some one will cut his Biscuits. "Gus" has great literary talent, and we feel certain that this, in addition to his other abilities, will cause us to hear from him some day. Here's to you, "Giuseppe"; may you live long and prosper.

"Well, boys, I'm off to Hyannisport—that's heaven."





WILLIAM BASKERVILLE LEWIS, Jr.
DURHAM, N. C.

Born 1896. Matriculated 1913.

"Buck"

"A woman's oaths I write upon the waves."
—*Sophocles.*

THIRD CLASS: Private Co. "A"; Class Basket-Ball; Class Baseball.

SECOND CLASS: Sergeant-Major; Captain Scrub Basket-Ball; Class Baseball; Staff Rifle Team; North Carolina Club; Hop Committee; Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS: Cadet Adjutant; Varsity Basket-Ball; Manager Tennis Team; Class Football; *Cadet* Staff; Staff Rifle Team; President North Carolina Club; Athletic Council; Hop Committee; Marshal Final German.

"T. M."

ALTHOUGH "Buck" hails from the city of Durham, he shows that he has not yet completed assimilation of city ways, for it is a known fact that his inclinations have a strong tendency towards "Greeny." Nevertheless, his accomplishments socially will certainly surprise the natives when he returns, for he is always present at the hops, and the calic rise early to see him at Guard Mounting. Every afternoon at Parade he may be heard informing the residents of House Mountain who is detailed for to-morrow, and the way he does "about face" is a source of admiration to all. "Buck" promises to be an Electrical Engineer, and any one in doubt as to his ability has only to walk into the Adjutant's office to see an example of his wiring. We wish you success, "Buck," and may you always handle the propositions of life with the same dexterity with which you handle the sword and tennis racket.

"Boys, let's hit the hay." "I swear I can't see this stuff."





WILLIAM LOHMEYER, Jr.

CHARLESTON, W. VA.

Born 1894. Matriculated 1912.

"B"—"King"—"Kink"

"Always filling, never full."
—Cooper.

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "A."

THIRD CLASS: Corporal Co. "A."

SECOND CLASS. Color Sergeant Co. "A"; President West Virginia Club; Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS: First Lieutenant Co. "A"; THE BOMB Staff; *Cadet* Staff; Manager Baseball; Monogram Club; Athletic Association; Marshal Final German.

"T. M."

BEHOLD, a real German! The blue blood of Prussia yet flows in his veins, but V. M. I. is ever famed for its democracy, and we had to let him enter. "King" has the art of working to a science; he is *always* working, and yet he never seems to be busy. Among the results of this is first stand in his class, a couple of medals, the best baseball schedule (and trips) we've ever had, and, above all, the heart of a fair demoiselle—this last, we claim, is the greatest accomplishment of them all. "King" was ever quite a "Handy" Rat, and as a Corporal just too "thweet" for anything. In his full dike he now looks like "Me und Gott." Another thing we like about "Kink" is the way he has of imitating your calic's voice; for just when you are getting ready to dive into the slough of despond, with a few of those matchless words like those of the sweetest girl in the world, he wins you back from yourself. Heigh-ho! Whatever profession he enters he will adorn, because—

"King" is a guy
Who never says die,
And his brain is Helin French.

"Awake, Sir Duke, awake!"



THE BOMB

MORITZ A. R. LOTH

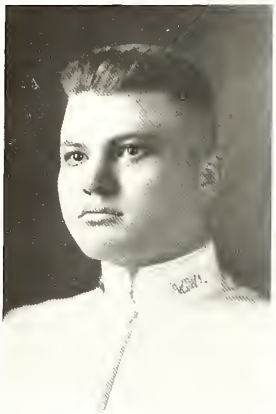
WAYNESBORO, VA.

Born 1892. Matriculated 1909.

"Mutt"

"My first thought was he lied in every word"
—Browning.

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "C."
THIRD CLASS. Private Co. "C."
SECOND CLASS: Sergeant Co. "C"; Class Football; Marshal Final Ball.
FIRST CLASS: Second Lieutenant Co. "D"; Scrub Football; President Founders Club; Marshal Final German.



THIS remarkable, beaming, jovial somebody rolled into barracks sometime previous to the first epoch of the new prehistoric stone age. From this statement you can take it for granted that "Mutt" is no spring rooster. Dear reader, if you should turn over a few pages you would see that our portly cherub now holds no less an office than president of the Founders Club. The height of "Mutt's" career was reached however, in that memorial Third Class year of 1913. Here "Mutt" distinguished himself as a master bomb thrower, and the rest of the story is one of sad lamentation. Our hero next appears donning the blue of the Naval Academy, but, sad to relate, he led the authorities such a merry chase and made things so interesting in general that competition for his position as champion "Jimmy Leg" dodger was feared. "Mutt" returned to us last year, but, oh, such a change! He is verily now a boy of sweet disposition, having cast aside his air of being a Third Classman. However, he still carries his recognized ability as the proverbial Mexican Athlete. Here's to "Mutt"—he is only equaled by his brother "Jeff"!



MUTT "

"When Auld Nick and I planted the Guard Tree——"

THE BOMB



RICHARD GASCOIGNE LYNE

ORANGE, VA.

Born 1895. Matriculated 1913.

"Gas-cag-ne"—"Lynn"

"The bed has become a luxury to me. I would not exchange it for all the thrones in the world."

—Napoleon Bonaparte.

THIRD CLASS: Private Co. "D."
SECOND CLASS: Private Co. "D"; Cadet Dialectic Literary Society; Marshal Final Ball.
FIRST CLASS: Private Co. "E"; Cadet Literary Society; Marshal Final German.

LOOK once and turn away! It came from Orange and caught us in 1913. Oh, where's Orange? I dunno, but he says it's near the C. and O. "chicken station." I'll take his word for it. No, he's not much of a social flower. But listen! He has missed one—only one—hop since he's been a keydet, and then he was home showing his little country calic how nice he looked in his uniform. "Chappie" caught him in the hay, and he's been there ever since. If his captor only knew that he had robbed the P. R. R. of a future General Manager he would perhaps be willing to release him. Then, again, such is the training for great lawyers, senators, and even Presidents. I'm afraid, though, that Lynnville, with its mill, power-plant, and little girl, will be honored with his presence after June 22d. Whoever gets him will be lucky, for they will get a good-natured, wide-awake specimen—he's had sleep enough in the last two years to last him a lifetime, so we know that he will max it up, whatever his future undertaking may be.



"How de do."

THE BOMB

J. MURRAY McCLELLAN

RICHMOND, VA.

Born 1897. Matriculated 1912.

"Mo"—"Mac"

"Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are."
—Coleridge.

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "B."

THIRD CLASS: Corporal Co. "B."

SECOND CLASS: First Sergeant Co. "F"; Assistant Business Manager *Cadet;* Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS: Captain Co. "E"; Business Manager THE BOMB; Hop Committee; President Richmond Club; Marshal Final German.

"N."



NO, gentlemen, the above is not Napoleon, or "Auld Nick," either, although we are sure that his military aspirations are just as high. Would rather have a little authority than anything else in the world. Some one called him the most unofficial official O. D. at V. M. I. Has a great deal of sense for one so young, but to hear his childish giggle at all times one would never think it. Dearly loves Virginia (don't think he will ever go anywhere else). Is the recipient of numerous news notes and weather reports from Hampton. Dances with only one calic at the hops—then every other dance and all breaks. This young Adonis carries great responsibilty on his shoulders, because, besides being Business Manager of two publications, Company Commander, and Division Inspector, he is always neglecting his work trying to get "Ike" to show him how to make love. His greatest ambition for after-life is to join the Masons.



"Hello-o-o, 'Ikie'."

THE BOMB



OSCAR LYLE McCORMICK

RAPHINE, VA.

Born 1894. Matriculated 1910.

"Buddy"—"Mac"

"Then did she lift her hands to his chin
And praise the pretty dimpling of his skin."
—Beaumont.

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "A"; Varsity Baseball; Class Football; Class Basket-Ball; Company Rifle Team.

THIRD CLASS: Corporal Co. "E"; Varsity Baseball; Class Football; Class Basket-Ball; Company Rifle Team.

SECOND CLASS: Sergeant Co. "D"; Varsity Baseball; Varsity Football; Class Basket-Ball; President Rollers' Club; Marshal Final Ball

FIRST CLASS: Second Lieutenant Co. "B"; Varsity Baseball; Varsity Football; Staff Rifle Team; President Monogram Club (Member 4, 3, and 2); Marshal Final German.

"T. M."

ONCE upon a time in the dim and distant past, when the Guard Tree was planted, or Cheops deprived the pyramid builders of First Class privileges for painting the Sphinx, Oscar Lyle drove a load of hay in front of barracks and offered it in exchange for tuition. He soon became sophisticated, however, and from the first moment that he stepped on the diamond he steadily rose in fame and popularity until both had reached the enviable proportions which the above record attests. It is rumored that he was compelled to spend his first summer furlough as an Electrical Engineer in the backwoods of Virginia in order to hide from the Big League scouts, while the points he made single-handed in one game of football led one sporting editor to consider him for the All-Southern team. "Buddy" has also an irresistibly magnetic personality. When he says, "Buddy, you are a good fellow," you feel that you *are* one; and the opinion of the fair sex may be summed up in the words of one of their number: "I just think Lyle McCormick is the grandest thing, and he is so good-looking, too!"

"Dobbers up."



THE BOMB



LAWRENCE HAZELHURST McKAY

THOMASVILLE, GA.

Born 1895. Matriculated 1912.

"Hoot Mon"—"Mac"—"Ph. D."

"The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
"Is king o' men for a' that."

—*Burns.*

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "D."

THIRD CLASS: Private Co. "E"; Class Basket-Ball; Company Rifle Team.

SECOND CLASS: Private Co. "E"; Class Basket-Ball.

FIRST CLASS: Private Staff; Assistant Secretary to Superintendent; Marshal Final German.

IN 1912 the above ambled in on us with the ambition to be First Captain and pull down first Jackson Hope. Sad to say, his hopes along the former line were shattered in his Third Class year by his fondness for throwing Mess Hall biscuits through windows. As a chemist, though, "Hoot Mon" is a wonder—doesn't believe in getting anything less than a 9.99. To look at his noble brow one would never believe "Ph. D." to be a ladies' man, but don't be deceived—he is reputed to be there with bells on. Never believed much in dancing till his First Class year, when he decided that in order to keep up with the other heart-smashers he must improve in "tripping the light fantastic." With the stick-to-it-iveness characteristic of him, he has become quite a male Terpsichore. He is planning to show the boys how to do it at the remaining hops; and as for the ladies' hearts—watch 'em roll at his little (??) feet. "Mac" is there when it comes to baseball, too, and is going to show 'em all up in the spring. Here's luck to you, you wild Scotchman; may you annex as many maxes in life as you have in Chemistry.

"Chemistry is the only course in barracks."



THE BOMB



JOHN CRAIG MILLER, JR.
HUNTINGTON, W. VA.

Born 1896. Matriculated 1912.

"Venus"—"Long John"

"What news on the Rialto?"
—Shakespeare.

"Why did the Gods give thee a heavenly form?"
—Lily.

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "A."
THIRD CLASS: Private Co. "A."
SECOND CLASS: Private Co. "A"; Captain Class Basket-Ball; Marshal Final Ball.
FIRST CLASS: Private Co. "A"; Class Football; Captain Class Basket-Ball; Marshal Final German.

"T. M."

THIS said that "Venus" first sought barracks as a refuge from art collectors. Certain it is, however, that he is vastly popular with the fair sex, and when he smiles down from his dizzying heights at one of their number at a hop, saying, "You are looking awful sweet to-night," he is simply irresistible. This popularity is only surpassed by his unerring business instinct and utter originality, especially in Military Science. He has made a fortune in barracks on lockboxes, belts, and the like, and has even started sub-agencies, while strange things happen at Guard Mounting when he is O. G. But, all joking aside, Craig is one of the best of fellows, and, while he is not overburdened with brilliant mentality, he is a living example of the proverb that genius consists of one part inspiration and nine parts perspiration.

"You are the best fellow in barracks."



THE BOMB



BRUCE JAMES MILLNER

DANVILLE, VA.

Born 1894. Matriculated 1912.

"Jap"—"Jasper"—"Nippon"

"Thou who hast the fatal gift of beauty."
—Byron.

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "F"; Class Baseball.
THIRD CLASS: Corporal Co. "A"; Class Baseball.
SECOND CLASS: Private Co. "A"; Class Baseball; Marshal Final Ball.
FIRST CLASS: Private Co. "A"; Class Football; Varsity Baseball; Marshal Final German "T."

THERE is something in his map I admire, and oftentimes long to step on it, but can't. It's under his nose Don't worry, "Jap," we can't all be born both beautiful and rich, and many have neither "sense" nor beauty. His nature is rather vacillating, for his mood varies from extreme "ignutzness" to deep retrospection, when he has been known to sit for hours at a time listening to Conway's Band render "The Rosary" on the Victrola. He's almost well now, and we think there is a chance for him. In his infancy he failed to see the light, but remained in Stygian darkness, and now spends most of his time glaring at his "electric lighting" and muttering: "Don't it can." In spite of the fact that he doesn't know the difference between alternating currents and alternating Military Science—where there's life there's hope, and "Jasper's" not dead yet. The one thing against him is that he is not aware that windows in the back of automobiles are transparent, but next time—well, experience is a mighty good teacher His aspirations are limited (Danville *is* the limit), but his success is a certainty, for he is so unusual.



"How! I know you just as e-easy."



ROY CRAWFORD MOORE

CHESTERFIELD, S. C.

Born 1894. Matriculated 1912.

"Cue Ball"—"Grotto"

"Those curious locks so aptly twin'd,
Whose every hair a soul doth bind."

—Carew.

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "A"; Class Football.
THIRD CLASS: Corporal Co. "A"; Class Football.
SECOND CLASS: Sergeant Co. "F"; Class Football; Marshal Final Ball.
FIRST CLASS: Second Lieutenant Co. "F"; Class Football; Marshal Final German.

NO, kind reader, the above did not escape from any of the numerous circuses which go into winter quarters in the South. He sailed into Lexington on a bright day in September, and it was immediately evident that he was not the guy who posed for September Morn. Nature abhors a vacuum, as is plainly evident when we take a squint at his cranium. He claims he lost his curly locks trying to persuade "Tommy" that he was really bright enough to take Civil. His favorite pastime is chasing the Dutchman around the table when he gets "horsed." His favorite expression is "By Bum!" which he came into possession of through his attendance at a show in the swell Lyric Theater of Lexington. When Roy leaves here it is his intention to follow Engineering, and his desire to construct such wonderful bridges that the buzzards will roost more comfortably in South Carolina in the future than they have in the past.

"By Bum!"



THE BOMB



WILLIAM STEWART MORRIS

ST. MICHAEL'S, MD.

Born 1894. Matriculated 1913.

"Governor"—"Stu"

"Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth."

—Bible.

THIRD CLASS: Private Co. "D."
SECOND CLASS: Private Co. "D"; Marshal Final Ball.
FIRST CLASS: Private Co. "C"; Marshal Final German.

THE "Governor," hailing from little-known "St. Christmas," descended upon us as an innocent and charming Third Class Rat. His habits of meekness and obedience still persist, although at times he rages even as a mean Third Classman toward some poor, unoffending Mister. As a performer on the flute he excels Pan, for while that individual could charm the beasts, our "Governor" even enchants a pole. Bad habits he has only two—a great fondness for fresh air, thereby causing him to rush uptown whenever First Class permit is turned out, and the frightful dissipation pertaining to a No. 10 pipe with his roommate's tobacco therein. Warranted to be the only man who can't tell H_2O from witch hazel, buying the latter with great generosity for his roommates, while he uses the former in his nocturnal shaves. Finally, the "Governor's" winning ways and merry laugh will land him one day in the gubernatorial chair at "St. Christmas," provided, of course, that some one doesn't step on him in the interim.



Love Pirate

"_____"

CENSORED

THE BOMB



NIMMO OLD, Jr.

NORFOLK, VA.

Born 1896. Matriculated 1913.

"Nemo"

"The rule of my life is to make business a pleasure, and pleasure my business."

—Aaron Burr.

THIRD CLASS: Private Co. "E."
SECOND CLASS: Private Co. "E"; Norfolk Club; Mandolin Club; Marshal Final Ball.
FIRST CLASS: Private Co. "B"; Norfolk Club; Mandolin Club; Marshal Final German.

"S. O. S."

THIS one of our number is verily a shining light—with the ladies. He is a love pirate, flirt, sweater—but the ladies all pronounce him charming, so there you are. He knows more Lexington calic, both East and West, than any two men in the Corps. Has never been known to miss a hop; but on one occasion was found occupying the rear seat of an automobile just outside for 17 consecutive dances. We wonder why he doesn't take up a special course in biology, for he is deeply interested in "Nats," making flying trips to "Graham's" on the eve of exams in the search of same. If his thirst for knowledge was as great as his thirst for other things he would be a highbrow. But alas! he believes in living up to his motto: "Much study is wearisome to the flesh." He sits around, consumes calic paper and Piedmonts, plays the mandolin, studies the principle of "least work," and wonders when he can get over to "Bueny" again. However, "Nemo" has made many friends at V. M. I., whose best wishes will follow him in after-life.

"O-o-o-o-oh! Wouldn't you like to?"



JOHN GRAY PAUL

ROANOKE, VA.

Born 1894. Matriculated 1912.

"John Gray"—"Grandmother"—"Pearl Gray Button"

"Here's a sigh for those who love me,
And a smile for those who hate."
—Byron.



FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "A"; Scrub Football; Class Baseball.

THIRD CLASS: Corporal Co. "B"; Scrub Football.

SECOND CLASS: Sergeant Co. "B"; Scrub Football; Scrub Baseball; Chairman Final Ball Committee.

FIRST CLASS: Private Co. "B"; Varsity Football; Varsity Baseball; THE BOMB Staff; Monogram Club; Chairman Hop Committee; Chairman Final German Committee.

"T."

YEA, verily, this doth be ye selfsame hero of ye olden times. He be fair of face and soft of heart, and draweth to him all womankind, causing them to cry mournfully: "Paul, Paul, why persecuteth thou me?" He then needs must be stern and say unto them: "Be it not for me, the joys of 'Merry Stewarts' or ye 'Spicers' of life." Once it were written that he becometh known as Sir Sergeant, but ere long he is as those who are busted. But nay, he careth not, and journeys to Richmond, a distant land, where he maketh merry with all damsels. And it is said that even he caused one to slip from grace and fall beneath yon table while he sippeth the juice of limes. And then he returneth to his native land, where he breakest forth into a fiery scribe and denounceth all editors of ye daily papers, even though he receiveth much censure from them. Yea, he be even a man of brawn, and fightest four winters with ye Pigskin on yon hill. Finally he becometh as those who be mightiest, and he weareth the honored symbol on his breast. He has said: "I will be of ye tribe of Lawyers," for so it is written.



"Fine business."



JOHN LEE PITTS, Jr.

SCOTTSVILLE, VA.

Born 1894. Matriculated 1912.

"Jawhn"

"Let no fair be kept in mind
But the fair of Rosalind."
—Shakespeare.

Fourth Class: Private Co. "B"; Varsity Baseball; Monogram Club.
Third Class: Corporal Co. "B"; Varsity Baseball; Treasurer Monogram Club.
Second Class: Sergeant Co. "B"; Williamson-Graham Cup; Varsity Football; Varsity Basket-Ball; Varsity Baseball; Secretary Monogram Club; Marshal Final Ball.
First Class: First Lieutenant Co. "B"; Varsity Football; Captain Varsity Basket-Ball; Varsity Baseball; Monogram Club; Marshal Final German.

"T."

"JAWHN," our Rock of Gibraltar, our mountain of strength on the gridiron, the gym floor, and in the pitcher's box! When others waver, he is strongest. Always to be relied on. But oh, that one fault! When he feels that he is falling from Grace, and sees that his Biscuits are slowly but surely being bisected, he is wont to complain of a fatal "cold." So, calic, we beseech you to tell our "Prometheus" that he is Big Dog and end his horrible sufferings. For him the hops are only a means to an end, namely, the fortification and permanent protection of his Biscuits. And from the way in which the Pink Sheets come tripping along we should say that he meets with small opposition. We know that he possesses qualities far above the average, because he is able to room with three Liberal Artists and still retain his love for truth and reason. His ambition is to go to Richmond with John Gray on furlough. Why? He has not decided as yet what he will be, but whatever it is we know that he will succeed. So here's to John!

"Howdy-y-y do." "Is that so-o?"



"FOOTBALL ARE A BRUTAL GAME!"

LINDSAY PITTS

SCOTTSVILLE, VA.

Born 1894. Matriculated 1912.

"Sour Pig"—"Windsay"—"Lady"

"Company, villainous company, hath been the ruin of me."

—Shakespeare.



FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "B"; Varsity Baseball.

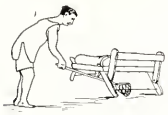
THIRD CLASS: Corporal Co. "D"; Vice-President of Class; Varsity Baseball; Tennis Team.

SECOND CLASS: Sergeant Co. "A"; President of Class; Varsity Baseball; Tennis Team; Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS: First Lieutenant Co. "E"; Vice-President of Class; Varsity Baseball; Tennis Team; Monogram Club (3, 2, and 1); Marshal Final German.

"T. M."

QUESTION: Why did Lindsay decline the presidency of the First Class and take Chemistry, claiming that everything was too much trouble, and then, regularly twice a week, proceed to throw his cape over his shoulder with all the ease and grace of a Roman senator and patrol the lower road until tattoo? He says he has a Gay old time, and yet swears he isn't the craziest occupant of 108. The "S. Pig" can eat more eggs and oyster soup, consume more Piedmonts, sleep sounder with his eyes open, and catch more foul flies (not to mention other insects) than any two men at V. M. I.—and we stop with these accomplishments only in order to spare his blushes. Is most fascinating when he puts "Home, Sweet Home" on the Victrola and sighs that his calic must love him, because she sent him a Christmas card. Only time he ever showed a yellow streak was when he backed out of taking dancing lessons, and he still trembles violently, walls his eyes, and backs his ears when any one says "Hops." Popular, good-natured, and with a heart as big as all outdoors, Lindsay won't have any trouble getting a wife to take care of the house and kids while he goes hunting.



"——Kyou, squads left." "Weah wank, Wead."

"Pay 'ttenshine to the hole."

THE BOMB



HERNANDO MONEY READ

DALLAS, TEXAS

Born 1897. Matriculated 1912.

"Son"—"Major"—"Horatio"—Ready Money"—"Hernando"

"Scarfs, garters, gold amuse his riper stage.
And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age." —*Pope.*

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "D."

THIRD CLASS: Corporal Co. "D"; Class Historian; Class Football; Class Basket-Ball.

SECOND CLASS: Sergeant Co. "E"; Class Historian; Class Football; Vice-President Texas Club; Post Exchange Council; Assistant Editor *Cadet;* Mandolin Club; Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS: First Lieutenant Co. "C"; Class Historian; Editor-in Chief THE BOMB; *Cadet* Staff; Class Football; Varsity Track; President Texas Club; Mandolin Club; Minstrel Show; Banquet Committee; Marshal Final German.

"T."

IN writing the lives of great men one has to mention the great man's attitude towards Nature and living creatures. I don't know the attitude of the above towards Nature, but I do know that he loves living creatures, especially Kittens. He has pictures of them—some tall ones, too. He's rather crazy at rev (most of us are, for that matter), but at other times he's sensible—until breakfast. He and Joe Collins are the only ones in the Liberal Arts' section credited with brains, which, of course, is not saying much, but in the minds of the other Artists this covers a lot of territory. "Our Editor" would much rather Read than Wright (spell that write right). This is unintelligible to the vast public, but what they don't know won't hurt them. Young Read's ambitions are not high, as a rule, but at times they soar into the millions—and then fluctuate to a "big un." After he gets out of jail for BOMB debts he expects to enter the Army, marry, and settle down—all before he reaches the voting age. Look at the cartoon and don't obey that impulse.



"Say, guy, I'll bounce an alley-apple off yer conch, I will."

THE BOMB



ARNOLD HOYER RICH

LYNCHBURG, VA.

Born 1897. Matriculated 1913.

"Rabbit"

"Comb down his hair. Look, look, it stands upright!"

—Shakespeare.

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "F."
THIRD CLASS: Private Co. "F"; Class Baseball.
SECOND CLASS: Private Co. "F"; Lynchburg Club; Marshal Final German.
FIRST CLASS: Private Co. "F": Vice-President Lynchburg Club; Marshal Final German.

WE almost missed him—not quite. This specimen of Danish hare was hot on the trail of '16 and caught up with it sometime in January, 1913. Like good brother Rats we comforted and consoled him until June, and, with Major P. Foot's aid and the alum treatment, he has been with us ever since. He had aspirations for the distinction of a Corporalship when Tim called him into his private car returning from Richmond. Two weeks later and his hopes fell through. Since then he has adorned the ranks with his trusty musket. When the call for recruits came in the fall of 1914 he fell in with "Tommy's" squad and "went to the board" and "drew figgers." Since then he has had many chances to use his jumping abilities—sometimes aiming at what seemed a crip, but alas! Nevertheless, he has made good, and when the "time of dips" arrives "Benedict" will be one of those to answer "Here." It would be useless to dwell on his charms in the eyes of the opposite sex. The photographer has done that better than I could hope to. Go to it, "Rabbit," and may every ounce of energy used here bring you a ton of success.



"That's all right about that."



JAMES CAMPBELL SANSBERRY

ANDERSON, IND.

Born 1896. Matriculated 1912.

"Jim"—"Huckleberry"

"For, even though vanquished, he could argue still."

—Goldsmith.

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "B."
THIRD CLASS: Corporal Co. "B."
SECOND CLASS: First Sergeant Co. "D"; Ring Committee; Marshal Final German.
FIRST CLASS: Captain Co. "D"; THE BOMB Staff; Marshal Final German.

"T."

IT is with the greatest difficulty that we attempt to conjure a fitting eulogy for one with a career such as has been that of James C. Sansberry. From the lowest order of manhood, a benighted V. M. I. Rat, he has attained by leaps and bounds that enviable throne from which the mighty First Classman, sitting in austere dignity, looks down upon the striving subordinate masses. Not satisfied with this, his inordinate desire for power has made him one of the chosen six among this worthy assemblage. But not only in this have his desires been realized, for in him are found not only the qualities of a scholar and a commander, but those passions which prompted Leander to undertake nightly his arduous task in the Hellespont. In the absence of this famous body of water, our subtile young hero conceived of the remarkable expedient of breaking his collar bone ever and anon. We know not what may be his career when he leaves us, but this warning we issue to the motley populace with which our fair land is inhabited: "Beware, ye Ladies and ye Captains of Industry!"

"Well now, I'll just bet you——"



EVANS CLOUSER SEAMAN

HAMBURG, PA.

Born 1894. Matriculated 1911.

"Heine"—"Dutch"

"The deed I intend is great,
But what, as yet, I know not."
—*Ovid.*

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "C."
THIRD CLASS: Private Co. "D."
SECOND CLASS. Private Co. "D"; Marshal Final Ball.
FIRST CLASS: Private Co. "C"; Cadet Literary Society; Marshal Final German.



HERE is one of the rarest specimens ever thrust upon us. We will be a long time forgiving the State of Pennsylvania. How long he has been here we would hate to say; even "Bull Rat John" doesn't remember when he arrived. After having been with us a number of years he founded and became president of what is known as "The Ancient Order of the Sons of Rest." He looked the courses over at the beginning of his Second Class year, and this is one time when he showed good judgment and joined the tribe of "Chappie." Since then his life has been one long dream. If the conversation ever happens to lag with "Dutch," just mention the Army and you will learn more in a minute than General Wood could tell you in a week. Until recently he has been successful in dodging the many darts from Cupid's bow thrown in his direction, but, alas, he got in the way of one, and what a fall! Every Sunday afternoon he can be seen making for the vicinity of the post-office. But for all this, "Dutch" is about the keenest scout ever, and we are sure that he will make as many friends and be as successful after he leaves us as he has been at V. M. I.



"Ain't that the dandest thing?"

THE BOMB



GEORGE MURRELL SNEAD

LYNCHBURG, VA.

Born 1895. Matriculated 1912.

"George"

"Behold me! I am worthy
Of thy loving, for I love thee!"
—E. B. Browning.

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "A"; Class Football.

THIRD CLASS: Corporal Co. "A"; Class Football; Assistant Manager Baseball.

SECOND CLASS: Sergeant Co. "D"; Scrub Football; Captain Class Football; Assistant Manager Basket-Ball; Leader Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS: Private Co. "A"; THE BOMB Staff; Varsity Football; Monogram Club; President Cotillion Club; Leader Final German.

"N."

PHŒBUS APOLLO didn't have a thing on George for looks! He is the only man known to go through V. M. I. without a nickname, though of course we think "Ike" could name him if he would. We had great hopes for him when he was a Rat, but his "laziness" got the better of him, and the best he could do was to change to "Liberal" in order to make a stab at football. The Coach even so far forgot himself as to slip George a monogram. The calic all go crazy about him at the hops, but he "pays them no mind." He had a Sergeant once, but got busted for "nocturnal rambling." It seems he reported returning on the wrong permit, or something of the kind. At first glance one would think him a geologist, but his work along these lines consists only of Seashores and Cliffs. Great on the love-water, etc. Reckon he'll fool some one into thinking he's good enough for a job after he gets out of here. We hope so, "Dee George."

"For the Lord's sake let me sleep."



THE BOMB



WILLIAM AUDLEY TABER

MONTGOMERY, ALA.

Born 1893. Matriculated 1913.

"Major"—"Adjie"

"I dare do all that doth become a man."
—Shakespeare.

"Going, going, gone."
—Advertising Slogan.

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "E."
THIRD CLASS: Corporal Co. "B."
SECOND CLASS: Sergeant Co. "A"; Class Football.
FIRST CLASS: Second Lieutenant Co. "B"; Marshal Final German.

IF you see a quiet-looking individual, rather scanty of hair, but with an enormous chip on his shoulder, why, that is "Major." And don't you touch that chip, for others have done it, and a rise in undertaking stock immediately followed. He has been a star member of every boxing class that ever existed, and it is said that he melted into tears when Jess Willard got at Jack Johnson before he had the opportunity. His ambitions are in accord with his character, for he is the most enthusiastic "Armyoodle" in barracks, dividing his time between reading War Department books and sending countless letters to Montgomery, Ala. We sincerely hope that this pugnacious person will realize his ambitions and get into a fight large enough to satisfy his appetite, filling a position as officer in the service as well as he did at V. M. I.

"Leggo my arm—I wanta hit him!"



THE BOMB



CHARLES BENJAMIN THOMAS

BALTIMORE, MD.

Born 1897. Matriculated 1913.

"Billy"—"Tip"—"Tommy"

"And a little child shall lead (us)!"
—Burton's Version of Bible.

THIRD CLASS: Private Co. "C"; Company Rifle Team; Mandolin Club.

SECOND CLASS: Sergeant Co. "D"; Company Rifle Team; Mandolin Club; Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS: Second Lieutenant Co. "F"; Company Rifle Team; Mandolin Club; Marshal Final German.

THIS diminutive specimen hails from the back alleys and byways of Baltimore, and is of a very ferocious nature. He joined us by the Third Class route, after having exhausted the perils and adventures of his native village. When he arrived he got through the Arch all right by dint of turning his head and much squeezing of the latter part, but then came the real trouble—his first cadet cap. Well, they got one for him in a couple of weeks! Lefty Louie and Dago Frank in their prime never had a thing on our "Tommy," for the way he wields a gun causes his roommates to frequently seek shelter behind the bedrolls, and though he poses as a first-aid leader, from the size of the gun he keeps we think that he should join P. I.'s artillery detail. His aspirations are to join Uncle Sam's cavalry, but as yet he is not tall enough to reach the stirrup.

"Aw, cheer up, they haven't got you yet!"



THE BOMB



WILLIAM FISHER TYNES

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

Born 1894. Matriculated 1911.

"Slip"—"Fish"—"Bird"

"If you love me as I love you,
What pair so happy as we two?"
—Kipling.

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "A"; Scrub Basket-Ball; Class Basket-Ball.

THIRD CLASS: Private Co. "F"; Scrub Basket-Ball; Class Basket-Ball.

SECOND CLASS: Private Co. "F"; Scrub Basket-Ball; Class Basket-Ball; Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS: Private Co. "F"; Assistant Business Manager Christmas Supplement; Advertising Manager *Cadet;* Marshal Final German.

HOW-DE-DO, Cultivator of the Guard Tree! How is it that all your letters have the postmark of "Bucny"? And "how come" you have to sit up until 1 00 P. M. to answer those Hollins College Pink Sheets? Kind reader, you see that "our man Hawkins" doesn't spend quite all of his time tampering with the typewriter, making tea, holding Thé Dansants after taps, or constructing improvements in 40-C for the comforts of "Lem" and "Shorty." The directors of the Jefferson County Savings Bank are kept in a state of perpetual anxiety over his next financial move, and there is a noticeable difference in the stock of that company after one of "Slip's" all-night sessions. He is in his glory, and his self-esteem rises 99 per cent, when he mounts with great pomp to Officer of the Guard. He can be heard to command in stentorian tones: "Maj-ah Groover-r-r, execute my following orders with dignity, rapidity, and what-not." He expects to be an "industrial promoter," and, if unlimited popularity and sincerity of action be of any value, we predict for him absolute success.



"OFF FOR THE MORNING TRAIN!"

"Er-r, O Hawkins! James!" "I'm just as confident."

THE BOMB



CECIL CALVERT VAUGHAN, III

FRANKLIN, VA.

Born 1895. Matriculated 1911.

"Bunny"

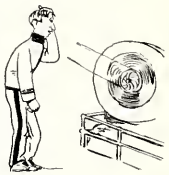
"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."
—Cowper.

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "C."
THIRD CLASS: Corporal Co. "D."
SECOND CLASS: Private Co. "D"; Marshal Final Ball.
FIRST CLASS: Private Co. "D"; Hop Committee; Marshal Final German.

"N."

SOMEONE has said, "The dumb can never rise," but "B" does not agree with him. Another saying is, "The truth hurts," which accounts for his non-agreement. He takes great pleasure in referring to himself as "the Old Man," because he is so feeble. He is feeble, too, for after a lot of groaning and cussing he gets up bent almost double; by supper he has straightened slightly, and can be seen any time of the day or night slouching along the first stoop. It is rumored that he has a monopoly out under the Academic Building, a rumor certified to be true by certain Rats who have had to linger in the cold after rev. Although the town where he lives contains only five inhabitants, nothing has ever happened in the world that has not transpired in Franklin. Sent fifty-nine telegrams just to see a Horse fall, but failed. Is a chronic B-acher, never feels well, and is always unhappy except when monopolizing his monopoly. We love him, though, and are certain that the future will see him inventing "Knockless" radiators.

"My goodness! I'm tired."



THE BOMB

ROBERT HARDWICK WARREN, Jr.
ALBANY, GA.

Born 1896. Matriculated 1912.

"Bob"—"Robin"—"Warrun-u-n"

"Here's to lovely Julia's leg,
'Tis white and hairless as an egg."
—Herrick.

FOURTH CLASS: Private Co. "C."
THIRD CLASS: Private Co. "D."
SECOND CLASS: Private Co. "D"; Marshal Final Ball.
FIRST CLASS: Private Co. "D"; THE BOMB Staff; Hop Committee; Marshal Final German.

"T."



NEXT to those of Archie Nelm's "Bob's" nether extremities approximate an ellipse more closely than anything of their kind in barracks. Yes, alack, he is bow-legged, but a warm heart beats under those second-hand gray breeches. We can state this even though he affects a fetching pair of tortoise-shell goggles with which he lures susceptible and unsuspecting calic into his cynical toils. He treasures three bewitching blondish whiskers, which have recurred so persistently in spite of monthly shaves that they are now tacitly accepted as tried and true comrades and lovingly treated as such. Oh, yes, "Bob" has something else—a conscience. He invariably bootlicks this handy article by taking an Economics book to the hay with him of afternoons, ostensibly for study, and sometimes he stays awake long enough to charge a Vanity Fair when Doc comes around. Sh! listen, this is something I promised not to tell—though he has led a sheltered life, our hero, armed with an A. B. degree (besprinkled with certain other initials), paints a future with colors as vivid as those he used in George's Third Class decoration. We fear the worst, but so be it, and God bless you, "Robin."



"Read, I swear if that woman had a serious thought it would kill her."

THE BOMB



FRANK EDWARD ZEA

STRASBURG, VA.

Born 1897. Matriculated 1913.

"Tony"—"Zee"

"A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath flower doshed the dew."
. —Scott.

THIRD CLASS: Private Co. "F."
SECOND CLASS: Private Co. "F"; Class Football; Class Basket-Ball; Marshal Final Ball.
FIRST CLASS: Private Co. "A"; Scrub Football; President Y. M. C. A.; Marshal Final German.

AND so it happened that Zeus called unto him Hephaistus and said unto him: "Fashion me one of massive proportions who shall dwell on earth, irreproachable of the baseness of mankind." And the lord of fire did the great god's bidding. He moulded him a perfect youth, but in one foot did he apply the fire too long, and thus it happened that gout came to be in his massive frame. But Zeus was pleased, and said: "I name thee "Tony" Zea. Go thou down amongst men and abide thou where men labor hardest." And "Tony" descended from Olympus and saw men moving ever about with burdens on their shoulders and books of knowledge in their hands. Thus did "Tony" come amongst the dwellers of King Nick's realm. Here did he mighty feats of strength with his arms, but the athletes of the land were lither in their lower limbs. And through his innocent mien was he chosen chieftain of the Y. M. C. A., and he did once journey o'er the land that all men might see what manner of men dwelled in the halls of King Nick. After many labors did he journey to the fair land of Strasburg, where it is the will of Zeus that he remain in peace and quietness all his days, bringing joy to those about him and filling the land with plenty.



"Well, I tell you what——"



Ex-Sixteen



Ex-Classmates

ADAMS, J. B.....Birmingham, Ala.
ALEXANDER, L.....Lexington, Ky.
ALEXANDER, W. B.....Mount Pleasant, Tenn.
ALLISON, W. R.....Rosemont, Pa.
ANDERSON, G. K.....Clifton Forge, Va.
ANDERSON, M. J.....Marion, Va.
BEASLEY, T. H.....Sterling, Va.
BELL, P. L.....Greenville, Miss.
BOYKIN, M. W.....Norfolk, Va.
BRANTON, J. L.....Burdette, Miss.
BROWN, C. H.....Nashville, Tenn.
BRYAN, E. D.....Tarboro, N. C.
BURACKER, S. L.....Luray, Va.
BURACKER, W. H.....Baltimore, Md.
BURGIN, S. E.....Birmingham, Ala.
BURR, R. P.....Troy, Pa.
BURTON, B. A.....Richmond, Va
CARTER, J. S.....Chatham, Va.
CHITTUM, H. T.....Timber Ridge, Va.
COFER, J. L.....Smithfield, Va.
COLBERN, W. H.....Lees Summit, Mo.
COSTEN, J. B.....Paragould, Ark.
COX, D. E.....Independence, Va
CRITTENDEN, G. B.....Greenville, Miss
CUMMING, C.....Hampton, Va.
DOBSON, G. P.....Norfolk, Va.
EASLEY, R. B.....Richmond, Va.
EBERLE, E. G.....Fort Smith, Ark.
ELEY, C. E.....Suffolk, Va.
EMOND, R. A.....Birmingham, Ala.
EWING, T. H.....New Orleans, La.
FAISON, P. K.....Goldsboro, N. C.
FETTEROLF, C. M.....Montclair, N. J
FIELD, E.....Middleport, Ohio
FLENNIKEN, W. H., JR.....Winnsboro, S. C.
FORD, C. E.....Richmond, Va.
FRARY, R. W.....Eustis, Fla.
GAMMON, C. S.....Phoebus, Va.
GARVEY, W. A.....Topeka, Kan.
GESSNER, F. B.....New Orleans, La.
GETZEN, W. L.....Webster, Fla.
GOODMAN, B.....Norfolk, Va.
GREGORY, D.....King William C. H., Va.
GUSTAVESON, J. W.....Norfolk, Va.
HART, W. H.....Portsmouth, Va.
HARWOOD, R. H.....Trenton, Tenn.
HAWKINS, J. H.....Huntington, W. Va.
HILL, L. L.....Montgomery, Ala.
HAYES, R. H.....Thomasville, Ga.
HUDSON, W. M.....Norfolk, Va.
JONES, D.....Richmond, Va.
KEY, R. C.....Washington, D. C
KIMBERLY, J. B., JR.....Fortress Monroe, Va.
KIMBRO, J. P.....Light Laurel, Fla.
KITTRELL, H. J.....Mount Pleasant, Tenn.
KNOX, R. M.....Houston, Texas
LACKEY, S. C.....Cuero, Texas
LAZO, I.....New York, N. Y.
LEGGETT, W. B.....Plainfield, N. J.
LINDER, J. A.....Carlisle, Pa.
LOWRY, W. B.....Tampa, Fla.
LUNT, S. M.....Alexandria, Va

THE BOMB

McAnerney, J. New York, N. Y.
McLeod, F. H., Jr. Florence, S. C.
McKinney, J. Long Island, N. Y.
Mahone, T. W. Richmond, Va.
Massie, W. M. Pulaski, Va.
Maverick, F. M. San Antonio, Texas
Meade, R. H. Richmond, Va.
Mitchell, S. P. Petersburg, Va.
Moore, L. K. Cleveland, Ohio
Murphy, R. W. Greensboro, Ala.
Palmer, C. B. Tallahassee, Fla.
Parkerson, E. M. New Orleans, La.
Pickett, G. E., III. Washington, D. C.
Ryall, G. D. New York, N. Y.
Scott, T. B., Jr. Richmond, Va.
Taliaferro, J. C. Ware Neck, Va.
Taltavall, W. East Orange, N. J.
Thompson, R. J. Birmingham, Ala.
Upshur, W. M. Cheriton, Va.
Ward, J. G. Portsmouth, Va.
Wenderoth, J. C. Fort Smith, Ark.
White, G. W. Lexington, Va.
Whittle, W. M. Martinsville, Va.
Willcox, C. S. Norfolk, Va.
Wingfield, C., Jr. Richmond, Va.
Woolford, J. W. Suffolk, Va.

THE BOMB

A Synonym

There were calic by the Statue,
 There were calic by the Arch,
And the First Class swarmed around them
 In paletots stiff with starch.

There were some who read the orders,
 There were some who read the sheet
That hangs by Harry's doorway,
 Nemesis that none can beat.

One keydet showed his calic
 Where his name was on the leaf,
And she blushed and looked quite furious—
 Actions strange beyond belief.

She promptly left that keydet,
 She returned his miniature—
He was flabbergasted, foozled—
 He took it without demur.

He stared at that delinquency,
 But he still is wondering why;
For he'd been boned for simply this—
 "Dust in ch—magazine S. E. I."

P. C. G., '16.

FIRST CLASS

A History



FOUR years ago ninety-eight scared, dumb, hopeless-looking Misters finned out on these historic stoops; to-day there are twenty-nine left to don paletots or enfold themselves in capes and leave nonchalantly on First Class permit. The whole class, however, boasts fifty-nine members, due to the fact that we drew a number of Third Class rats and were boarded by a crew of "X's" who are determined to leave here with something besides a class ring and a flock of deficiencies. As a matter of fact, we are all making a more or less desperate effort to become A. B.'s or B. S.'s (either applies to the Liberal Artists); and, consequently, have clothed ourselves in that mantle of reserve and dignity so becoming to and characteristic of the V. M. I. First Classman.

To hark back many eons to our rathood days, we often solemnly hold forth on the horrible tortures inflicted on us by those heartless brutes of Third Classmen. And yet we brag about the praiseworthy escapades we engaged in after becoming Third Classmen ourselves—in other words, after becoming young nihilists, with a generous portion of the irresponsibility of a two-year-old mixed with the meanness of a Sioux Indian full of deviltry and fire-water! Our Second Class Year was filled with the reality of possession of the beloved class ring, dreams of roseate hue anent the Final Ball, and agonized efforts to get through "by the grace of God and the oversight of the Faculty." And now we have reached the station in (barracks) life where our actions constitute the criterion for those of others, where we are the embodiment of limitless wisdom, where we are the power behind the delinquency sheet, magnanimous though commanding, our manner hav-



"FRUIT"

ing a slight touch of hauteur withal—in short, when, as he who disapproves our furloughs and is "the father of nearly four hundred bad boys" would say, we are thought more of (and think more of ourselves) than we ever will be again during our careers!

After this lengthy preamble, we needs must "lay off the Liberal Arts' stuff" and come back to earth in order to be intelligible to the Civil, Electrical, and Chemistry men; which reminds us that never before has there been such rivalry between the courses. The Civil men stand aloof, preserving a sort of armed neutrality, and look forward to a future of digging ditches with calm self-satisfaction. The Electrical man should turn out some first-rate plumbers, but their conceit is positively unbearable. We mention the Chemis-



Cheer Leaders

try men only out of consideration for their feelings—cheer up, you all, there are lots of good places for enterprising young men at Hopewell and the leading drugstores. We pause in dismay upon attempting a description of the Artists—nobody knows what's going to happen to them. They claim in flowery language that future Cabinets, Senates, Wall Street syndicates, and the transcendently æsthetic literary circles will be largely composed of their number; but we wish to observe that there are plenty of vacancies for drivers' positions on those vehicles that pass barracks about eleven o'clock every night, each dipped in honey and "wasting its sweetness on the desert air."

In class athletics Sixteen has met with some terrible luck. As Rats and Second Classmen, for instance, the basket-ball tie was not played off, and in both cases the "dope" was all on Sixteen to win. "John" Pitts annexed the

Williamson-Graham cup last year, and is again the mainstay of all three teams. In Varsity football, "John" Pitts, "Buddie" McCormick, "Teddy Bear" Heflin, "Hardin" Massie, "John Gray" Paul, and "George" Snead received well-earned monograms, while "Murphy" Fechheimer, "B. D." Ayres, "Frank" Zea, "Lindsay" Pitts, and "Mutt" Loth played hard and faithfully on the scrubs. In basket-ball, "John" Pitts played his steady, reliable game at guard and was Captain of the team, while "Buck" Lewis played a pretty game all season at center. For four years, the "Big Four," "Rock" Gillespie, John and Lindsay Pitts, and "Buddie" McCormick have been the backbone of the baseball team, and "Rock" has been chosen for the second time to lead his "hushleaguers" into the fray.



Lexington Winter Garden

In track, "Pete" Geyer and Massie are sure of places on the team, and Sixteen will undoubtedly be represented by several more of its members. In gym, Chapin, C. and "Brooks" Bradford are left from last year, and "Hard Luck Percy" Christian, Captain of the team, has been on it ever since his first year at V. M. I. The whole tennis team, "Murphy" Fechheimer (Captain and two years winner of the singles championship of barracks), Gillespie, Pitts, L., Massie, and "Buck" Lewis, is seen to be composed of Sixteen men, and we can count on them to present their opponents with the little end of a goodly number of matches.

At the first meeting of the class upon returning from that marvelous summer furlough, Lindsay Pitts resigned the Presidency, and Victor Reese Gillespie was elected in his place. Lindsay was prevailed upon to accept the

Vice-Presidency, however. No emergency has arisen but that these men have shown themselves capable of doing that which is best for the class, and we are glad to be able to thank them here for their splendid work. George Snead and "Ikie" DeGraff were reëlected, and any one who saw the Final Ball last year will "state without fear of successful contradiction" that the German this year will be "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

Brevity, besides being "the soul of wit," is indispensable to a class history, so stirring tales of such things as the Banquet, and Hymns of Hate against Restricted Limits, and hundreds of other incidents in "our" year must of necessity be omitted. Of course, every class has an exalted opinion of itself, but surely we can say that we have done our share, and always will, in the making of a Greater V. M. I. Moreover, it is with a realization of their ability that we turn over the reins of government to the Class of Seventeen. May the men of Sixteen be as loyal in their undertakings in after life as they have been to their class and Alma Mater!

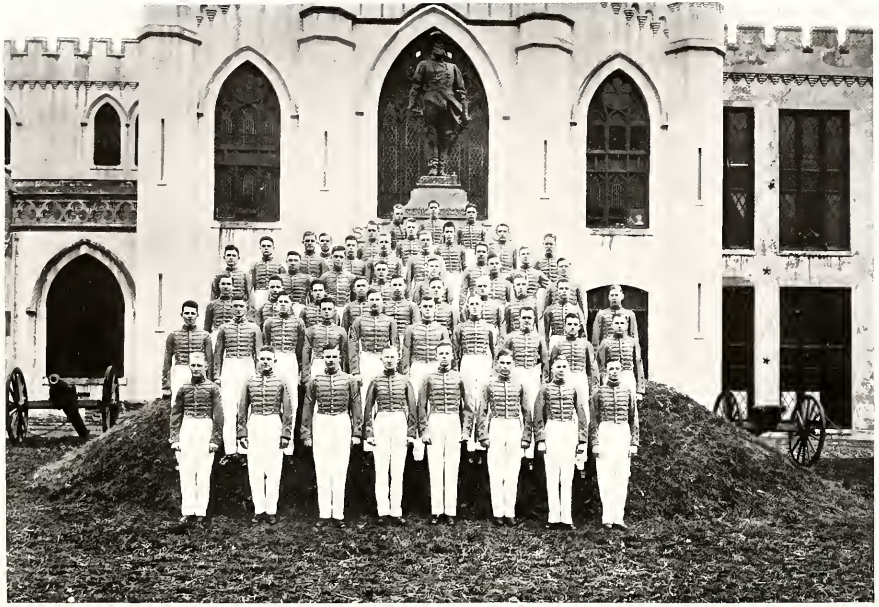
HISTORIAN.



CAMERON'S POND

CLASS of 1917





Second Class Group

THE BOMB

Class of 1917

Colors: Maroon and Black

Class Officers

OLIVER B. BUCHER.....President
JAMES T. HAMLIN.....Vice-President
ERNEST C. BROWN.....Historian

Class Roll

Bancroft, J. T.....New York, N. Y.
Beasley, T. H.....Sterling, Va.
Blow, G. W.....La Salle, Ind.
Boykin, M. W.....Norfolk, Va.
Brown, C. H.....New York, N. Y.
Brown, E. C.....Knoxville, Tenn.
Bucher, O. B.....Richmond, Va.
Bulkley, E. A.....New York, N. Y.
Campbell, H. A., Jr.....Mulberry Island, Va.
Chapin, W. E.....Richmond, Va.
Clark, F. W.....Savannah, Ga.
Cole, J. E.....Norfolk, Va.
Cumming, C.....Hampton, Va.
Dillard, J. W.....Chatham, Va.
Driscoll, M. G.....Accomac C. H., Va.
Echols, C. L.....Glasgow, Va.
Etheridge, F. H.....Macon, Ga.
Fetterolf, C. M.....Montclair, N. J.
Frary, R. W.....Eustis, Fla.
Goodman, B.....Norfolk, Va.
Goodwin, W. R.....Louisa, Va.
Hamlin, J. T.....Danville, Va.
Hart, J. S.....Weatherford, Texas
Hughes, J. B.....Lynchburg, Va.
Lafferty, F. R.....San Francisco, Cal.
Lawson, W. S.....South Boston, Va.
Leggett, W. B.....New York, N. Y.
Lockhart, G. B.....Honaker, Va.
Martin, C. A.....Accomac, Va.
Mason, H. P., Jr.....Hampton, Va.
Mason, H. M.....Blackstone, Va.
Michaux, E. R.....Goldsboro, N. C.
Mills, M. R.....Richmond, Va.
Morrison, F. L.....Fort Worth, Texas
Munce, M. G.....Richmond, Va.
McDowell, J.....Lincastle, Va.
McGiffert, S. Y.....Duluth, Minn.
Nash, C. P.....Alderson, W. Va.
Neale, L., Jr.....Richmond, Va.
Nelms, J. A.....Newport News, Va.
Noell, S. W.....Lynchburg, Va.
Pender, J. R., Jr.....Tarboro, N. C.
Pendleton, R. S.....Fine Creek Mills, Va.
Porcher, F. D.....St. Louis, Mo.
Porter, E. C.....Norfolk, Va.
Rheutan, D. E.....Richmond, Va.
Ring, J. K.....Johnson City, Tenn.
Robinson, F. S.....Norfolk, Va.
Ruffner, D. L.....Charleston, W. Va.
Saunders, C. J.....Richmond, Va.
Schlegel, F. E.....Norfolk, Va.
Sebrell, R. G.....Harrisonburg, Va.
Shepherd, L. C.....Norfolk, Va.
Squire, J. W.....Port Norfolk, Va.
Steele, M. W.....Morgan City, Miss.
Stevenson, M. H.....Williamson, W. Va.
Tinsley, G. C.....Wan, Gloucester Co., Va.
Walker, R.....Newport News, Va.
Ward, J. G.....Portsmouth, Va.
White, B. H.....Leesburg, Va.
White, G. W.....Lexington, Va.
Whiting, T. S.....Hampton, Va.
Whittle, W. M.....Martinsville, Va.
Wilson, N. F.....New York, N. Y.



SECOND CLASS

A History



LACKING somewhat in the dignity of a First Classman, yet looking with scorn upon the undignified acts of the characteristic Third Classman, and one whose favorite expression is, "When I was a rat"—this is the result of a complete brain racking on the part of the Historian for a suitable definition of a Second Classman. He is one who wears two service stripes on his sleeve, and whose left hand and always the little finger of this hand are greatly in evidence at the hops—displaying to the calic in general "the best looking ring yet."

Upon the completion of our third class year we left feeling that we had done more than our share in preserving all the customs of that class. We shot bombs, painted George, and even took out a "deck" on the clock by artistically decorating its face with the numerals, "'17."

So in September over seventy Second Classman again took up the active duties of "keydetship," with the ultimate end in view of capturing the elusive dip, and may we all be successful in this determination!



Bruin and Shirley

Among the four courses, Civil, Electrical, Chemistry, and "Sweetest" Liberal Arts, the class is practically evenly divided, but while the "Engineers" may be seen at 2 C. P. with a look on their faces about as cheerful as that of the exponents of Schopenhauer, the Liberal Artists recline peacefully in the Hay, fully convinced that the Virginia Military Institute is a wonderful health resort.

At the first class meeting of the year Bucher and Hamlin were unanimously reëlected President and Vice-President, respectively, and their energies have always been untiringly spent in all that was good for Seventeen. E C. Brown was

THE BOMB



Willie and His Drum

again chosen Historian. At this meeting also E. C. Brown and Saunders were elected leaders of the Final Ball, and it is certain that they will do all in their power to make that function a howling success.

Seventeen has a great deal to be proud of in athletics. In football we furnished Nelms as Captain, under whose leadership the team had a most successful season. Bucher, Cole, E., Fetterolf, Goodman, and Steele, all received monograms for work well done. While Fetterolf is our only representative on the basket-ball team, his work all season being characterized by his uncanny knack in shooting baskets. Likewise in baseball and all other cadet activities Seventeen has always done her part; and, although our number has greatly decreased since our rathood days, it has always been, and will ever continue to be, our policy to do everything in our power for the good of V. M. I.

We are now just before entering on our last year; and, although it's a rocky road to travel and many may fall by the wayside, we will always hold Seventeen and V. M. I. foremost in our hearts, and make the fight through life all the easier by working for the honor of our class and our school.

Historian.



Posting Sentinel

THE BOMB

That Sound-Off

(With due apologies to "Danny Deever")

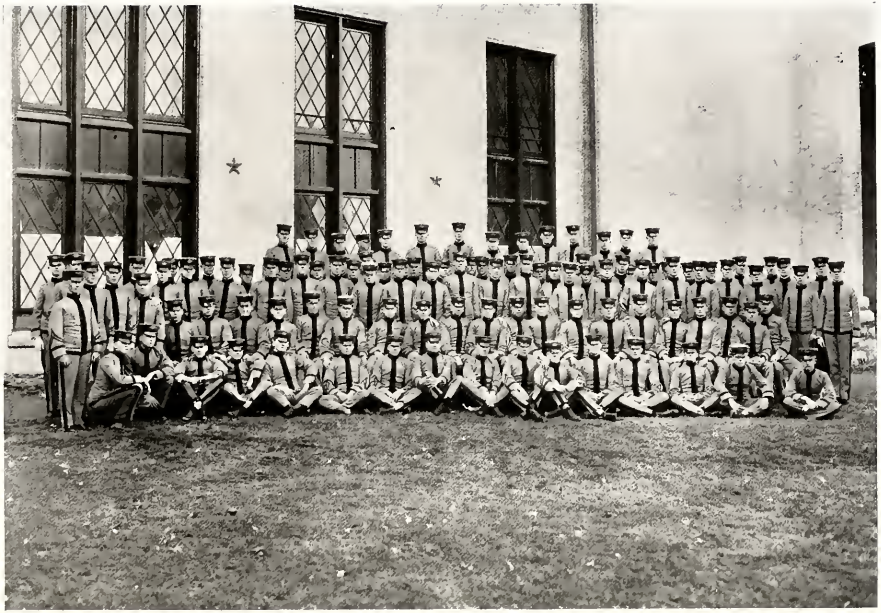
"What awful sound is that that's heard?"
Said Files-on-Parade.
"The band is froze, the band is froze,"
The Color-Sergeant said.
"What makes the front rank shake and quake?"
Said Files-on-Parade.
"They're dreadin' what they've got to hear,"
The Color-Sergeant said.
For they're playin' of the sound-off—
You can hear that awful squeak;
They're out of time, they're out of step,
The cornet's gettin' weak;
The bass drum and the kettle are
The only things in tune.
For they're butcherin' the sound-off in the evenin'.

"What is that donkey brayin' for?"
Said Files-on-Parade.
"The trombone's tryin' to 'come in,'
The Color-Sergeant said.
"Who's killin' pigs, who's killin' pigs?"
Said Files-on-Parade.
"The valves need oil, the valves need oil,"
The Color-Sergeant said.
For they're playin' of the sound-off—
You can hear that awful squeak;
They're out of time, they're out of step,
The cornet's awful weak;
The bass drum and the kettle are
The only things in tune.
For they're butcherin' the sound-off in the evenin'.

G. K., '16.

CLASS of 1918





Third Class Group

THE BOMB

Class of 1918

Colors: Black and Orange

Class Officers

H. PERCY GRAY.....President
P. W. ROOT.....Vice-President
S. B. WITT.....Historian

Class Roll

Adkins, F.....Richmond, Va.
Alverson, H. L.....Danville, Va.
Armistead, F. V.....Richmond, Va.
Austin, F. H.....Tuscaloosa, Ala.
Bagby, S. L.....Washington, D. C.
Bancroft, T. O.....Orange, Texas
Barker, C. J.....Gate City, Va.
Barnard, J. H.....Wichita Falls, Texas
Bellezza, R. G.....Virginia Beach, Va.
Bertschey, S. L.....Phoebus, Va.
Blair, A. H.....Max Meadows, Va.
Bolen, C. H.....Culpeper, Va.
Bradford, J. R.....New York, N. Y.
Butler, P. S.....Norfolk, Va.
Caldwell, F. Y.....East Radford, Va.
Campbell, A. H.....Cleveland, Ohio
Cantrell, C. C.....Greenville, Texas
Carneal, C. W.....Richmond, Va.
Cary, T. A., Jr.....Richmond, Va.
Champe, I. P.....Charleston, W. Va.
Church, J. F.....Cincinnati, Ohio
Cole, S. H.....Norfolk, Va.
Conrad, G. B.....Winchester, Va.
Corzelius, F. M.....Richmond, Ky.
Cruzen, R. H.....Gallatin, Mo.
Culver, J. I.....St. Louis, Mo.
Curtis, D. C.....Lee Hall, Va.
Davis, R. L.....Monroe, La.
Dew, T. R.....Lynchburg, Va.
Echols, J.....Glasgow, Va.
Edwards, A. D.....Terrell, Texas
Epes, W. J.....Portsmouth, Va.
Fields, O. P.....Terrell, Texas
Foy, F. H.....Eufaula, Ala.
Foy, L. W.....Eufaula, Ala.
Gamble, J. G.....Tallahassee, Fla.
Gatewood, A. R.....Newport News, Va.
Gillett, J. N. D.....Newport News, Va.
Goodman, W. G.....Champaign, Ill
Gould, W. T., Jr.,
Hastings-on-Hudson, N. Y.
Grantham, T. D.....Wilson, N. C.
Gray, H. P.....Richmond, Va.
Griffith, A. H.....Ashland, Va.
Guest, J. L.....Richmond, Va.
Haley, E. A.....Roanoke, Va
Haley, W. A., Jr.....Clifton Forge, Va.
Hancock, M. McC.....Lynchburg, Va.
Harmon, J. R.....Lebanon, Ky.
Harney, J. N.....Plymouth, N. C.
Harrison, L. A.....Appomattox, Va.
Harrison, W., Jr.....Duluth, Minn.
Hawkins, C. T.....Charleston, W. Va.
Herman, S. S.....Danville, Va.
Hicks, H. P.....Axton, Va.
Hock, C.....Roanoke, Va.
Huntt, S. H.....Richmond, Va.
Hughes, G. W.....Lynchburg, Va.
Ingram, S. L.....Richmond, Va.
James, R. P.....Richmond, Va.

THE BOMB

Jeffries, F. C.....Norfolk, Va.
Jenkins, J.....Newport News, Va.
Jones, F. B.....Gloucester, Va.
Keith, J. W.....Beaumont, Texas
Kinzer, J. D.....Bedford, Va.
Kyle, G.....Lynchburg, Va.
Lafferty, E. R.....Richmond, Va.
Lamb, E. B.....Richmond, Va.
Lee, R.....Rocky Mount, Va.
Lewis, R. G.....Houston, Texas
Love, J. J.....Quincy, Fla.
Mantor, M.....Taylor, Texas
Marshall, P. J.....Winchester, Va.
Martin, W. P.....Claremore, Okla.
Marr, R. A., Jr.....Norfolk, Va.
Metcalfe, H., Jr.....Wilczinski, Miss.
Metcalfe, W. R.....Greenville, Miss.
Mettenheimer, J. M.....Bastrop, Texas
Michie, N. H.....Durham, N. C.
Miller, C. B., Jr.....Goldsboro, N. C.
Moore, A. H.....Muskogee, Okla.
McComb, S. J.....Jellico, Tenn.
McCauley San Antonio, Texas
Nelson, J. C., Jr.....Norfolk, Va.
Newburger, B. J.....Joplin, Mo.
Nock, L. F.....Accomac, Va
Noell, W. W.....East Radford, Va.
Parker, J. W.....Franklin, Va.
Patterson, R. K. M.....Petersburg, Va.
Peebles, C. W.....Lawrenceville, Va.
Peeler, R. McC.....Huntsville, Ala.
Perkinson, R.....Danville, Va.
Potts, T. R.....Richmond, Va.
Post, W. G., Jr.....Newnan, Ga.
Randolph, J. F., Jr.....Washington, N. C.
Ransom, C. F.....Orange, Va.
Reilley, M. E.....Charlotte, N. C.
Ripley, E. H.....Taylor, Texas
Rising, J. D.....Champaign, Ill.
Robertson, R. G., Jr.....Lynchburg, Va.
Root, P. W.....St. Louis, Mo.
Rothert, J. M.....Richmond, Va.
Scriven, E. B.....Duluth, Minn.
Semmes, B. W. L.....Newport News, Va.
Shepherd, G. F.....Cynwyd, Pa.
Sullivan, J. J.....Lynchburg, Va.
Taylor, D. A.....Norwalk, Ohio
Taylor, J. M.....Richmond, Va.
Taylor, J.....Millburn, N. J.
Thomas, J. A.....Scranton, Pa.
Thornton, A. L.....Fredericksburg, Va.
Throckmorton, R. W.....Muskogee, Okla.
Towers, R. S.....Jacksonville, Fla.
Truslow, H. B.....Falmouth, Va.
Tucker, C. M.....Richmond, Va.
Van Dyke, W. J.....Baltimore, Md.
Van Sant, J. A., Jr.....Mount Sterling, Ky.
Ware, J. H.....Richmond, Va.
Watson, T. M.....Dallas, Texas
West, R. G.....Austin, Texas
Williams, J. W.....Wilmington, N. C.
Witt, S. B.....Richmond, Va.



THIRD CLASS

A History

"O heartfelt raptures, bliss beyond compare."



FINALS! That mirage, our Mecca, came at last—then to be transformed from the lowly rodent to that divine form of Keydet, a mean Third Classman. Majestic, wonderful!

With a longing, "not akin to pain" (?), we returned to this dear old barracks for another year. Many of our classmates did not return because their mothers didn't raise them up to be soldiers, while some did not wish to be a dungeon spoil for another year. But to celebrate our return we proceeded to institute a "Reign of Terror" for the newly cadet, which lasted for about a month, during which time woe was it to the rat who unfortunately brought down upon himself the wrath of one of those demigods, by attempting to wear his cap at a rakish angle, or should enviously cast his "slimy eyes" upon him. But all good things have an end, and no longer were we allowed to rule supreme.



Being "Mean"

THE BOMB



But our naughty reign was not to be so unceremoniously interrupted. Consequently, one night while barracks was sunk in sweet repose, those loyal followers of Bryan, the "Peacemakers," arose and most rudely seized, bound, and threw the corporal of the guard into the bath-house, a place seldom frequented. They then proceeded to give barracks a much-needed coat of paint. As the night was cold, they gave George his annual coat of tar; and, to make sure of his warmth for the coming winter, dumped feathers on this. But this was too good to be gotten away with, for suddenly barracks was awakened by what sounded like the squealings of an enormous pig. I proved to be the corporal of the guard, who had succeeded in eluding the vigilant eyes of his guardians. Consequently, a few Bryanites had to take most hastily an indefinite furlough, while some gave a close imitation of "Old Dutch Cleanser" and "_____" for quite awhile.

However, this was not all, for some of our number, desirous of perfecting themselves in the art of throwing hand-grenades, took, as usual, the sentinel on No. 5 as their target. As the target practice was becoming too frequent, the Commandant called the Subs together to decide upon a means of prevention. While they were engaged in their work, a bomb went off which rivaled in volume of sound one of those famous 75 cm. guns. It was exasperating. Immediately a search was instituted for combustibles, but it proved to be in vain.



Watching the Fight

But these practices were not our only ones. Deep down in his heart, each man in Eighteen has "Old V. M. I.," as shown partly by our record in athletics. In football, Marshall, Gray, Harris, Bertschey, and Hawkins won monograms and glory. Marshall was our only monogram man in basketball, but we had many good ones on the scrubs. In baseball, Marshall, Gray, Harris, and Lewis, R., showed up well.

At the first part of the year, the class reëlected H. P. Gray President, and made P. W. Root Vice-President, to lead and guide us throughout the year, and admirably have they fulfilled their trust.

We have lost many good men during the year, and regret very much to see them go; but, although they are no longer here, we still claim them as classmates. The unity and spirit of Eighteen has been clearly manifested throughout this year, and though a spark yet in embryo, we shall cherish and nurture it until it shall burst into the flame of everlasting friendship.

HISTORIAN.



YOUNG SCAMPS

THE BOMB

Running the Block

When the O. C. has inspected,
And the keydet is awake,
There comes that wish for freedom,
And so the chance we take.
With a sweater tight around us,
Perchance a citizen's suit,
We depart in haste for realms unknown
To pluck forbidden fruit.
We leave barracks through a window—
Eleven, twelve, or nine—
But looking "sub-wards" always
To see if a light doth shine.

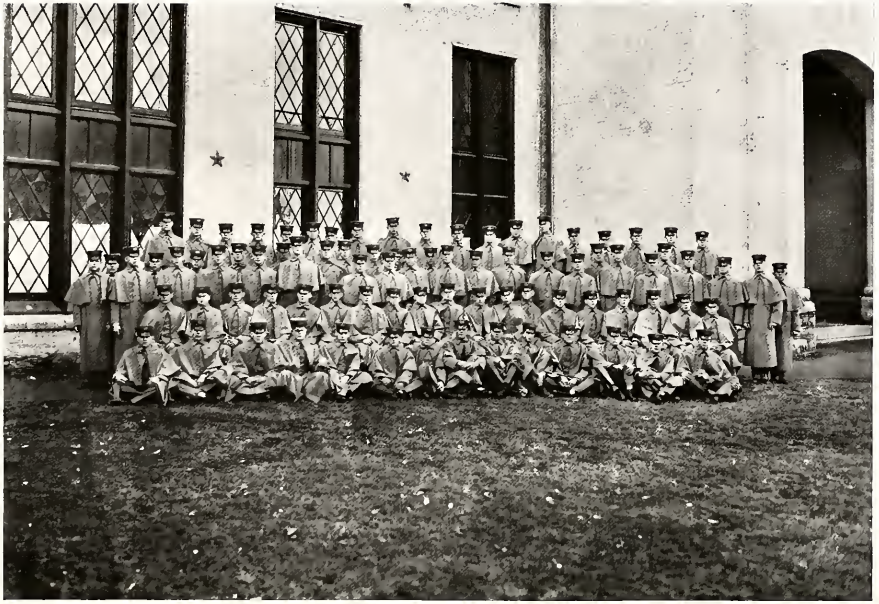
With the freedom comes a longing
For a tender piece of meat,
And so we hike it to the Greeks (?)
And give ourselves a treat.
Of course, there's nothing like it,
Unless we meet a sub,
And then, you know, there's hell to pay—
Ah me! There is the rub!

Demerits, tours, or even worse,
They give us quite a shock,
But the "game is worth the candle,"
Say the Runners of the Block.

C. M. F., ex-'16.

CLASS of 1919





Fourth Class Group

THE BOMB

Class of 1919

Class Officers

W. W. ROGERS.....PRESIDENT
C. B. CULLOM.....VICE-PRESIDENT
W. G. WILLS, JR.....HISTORIAN

Class Roll

ADDISON, W. M.....Richmond, Va.
ADELSTEIN, K. M.....Smithfield, Va.
BAUER, A. E.....Richmond, Va.
BAUSERMAN, E. VAN H.....Woodstock, Va.
BADHAM, J. T.....Birmingham, Ala.
BOND, R. N., JR.....Brownsville, Tenn.
BOYNTON, P. W.....Ithaca, N. Y.
BRANCH, A.....Wilson, N. C.
BURGER, H. I.....Natural Bridge, Va.
BUTLER, E. L.....St. Francisville, La.
CARTER, J. P.....Lynchburg, Va.
CASEY, W. M.....Lynchburg, Va.
CHEYNE, W. E.....Hampton, Va.
CLAY, H.....Coeburn, Va.
COHOON, T. J.....Montgomery, Ala.
CROCKETT, G. S., JR.....Accomac, Va.
CULLOM, C. B.....Birmingham, Ala.
CURTIS, C. C.....Lee Hall, Va.
DASHIELL, D. F.....Smithfield, Va.
DILLON, E., JR.....Indian Rock, Va.
DOOM, W. H.....Austin, Texas
DOWNING, L. B.....Fairport, Va.
DOUGHERTY, L. B., JR.....Liberty, Mo.
DRENNEN, C. W.....Birmingham, Ala.
EASTWOOD, F. T.....Norfolk, Va
ECHOLS, M. P.....University, Va.
ENGLEBY, G. B.....Roanoke, Va
EUSTIS, G. F.....Birmingham, Ala.
EWING, R., JR.....New Orleans, La.
FAIRLAMB, W. F.....Richmond, Va.
GILL, E. H.....Petersburg, Va.
GILL, R. S.....Petersburg, Va.
HAMMOND, G.....Ashland, Va.
HEATON, J. L.....Aylett, Va.
HOLLEMAN, J. H.....Smithfield, Va.
HUNTER, C. K.....Appomattox, Va
JACKSON, C. D. R.....Petersburg, Va
JACKSON, T. C., JR.....Lebanon, Ky.
JAMES, R. A., JR.....Danville, Va.
JENKINS, E. M.....Norton, Va.
JERNIGIN, R. C.....Commerce, Texas
JONES, C. A., JR.....Boyce, Va.
JONES, W. G.....Norfolk, Va.
KEEZELL, N. H.....Keezletown, Va.
KELLOGG, K. L.....Richmond, Va
KNAPP, F. D.....Richmond, Va.
LAKE, C. H.....Memphis, Tenn.
LAND, L. P.....Virginia Beach, Va
LANGE, L. G.....New Orleans, La
LEWIS, Y., JR.....Dallas, Texas
LOVELL, S. G.....Baltimore, Md.
LUCK, C. S., JR.....Ashland, Va.
MARCHANT, B. W.....Mathews, Va.
MARSHALL, J. P.....Simeon Post-Office, Va.
MARTIN, F. K.....Norton, Va.
MASSIE, W. W.....Tyro, Va.
MONCURE, J. A., JR.....Richmond, Va.
MONTJOY, L.....Greenwood, Miss
MOORE, W. B.....Chesterfield, S. C.
MORRISON, H. T.....Richmond, Va.
MUNSON, H. H.....Richmond, Va.
MCCABE, J. B.....Leesburg, Va.
MCEACHIN, T. C., JR.....Meredith, Fla.
NOEL, P. A.....Lake City, Ill.

THE BOMB

Nottingham, S. A.....Franktown, Va.
Owens, S. W.....Richmond, Va.
Parkerson, J. D.....La Fayette, La.
Parsons, A. M.....Palestine, Texas
Parsons, J. W.....Independence, Va.
Payne, H. P. M.....Nashville, Tenn.
Phillips, E. L.....Richmond, Va.
Phillips, R. B.....Evington, Va.
Potts, J. D., Jr.....Richmond, Va.
Radford, L., Jr.....Forest Depot, Va.
Radford, R. C. W.....Forest Depot, Va.
Ramsey, D. F.....Madison, Ky.
Rapkin, E. S.....Montclair, N. J.
Rogers, W. W.....Lansing, Mich.
Roberdeau, H. L.....Austin, Texas
Robertson, B. A.....Richmond, Va.
Russell, R. H.....Carlisle, Pa.
Sale, E. A.....Lexington, Va.
Sanders, D.....Graham, Va.
Scott, F. R.....Richmond, Va
Shackelford, W. C., Jr., Birmingham, Ala
Sitwell, H. C. F.....Bedford, Va.
Smith, C. G.....Marshall, Mo.
Smith, J. A.....New Orleans, La.
Stuart, A. R.....Newport News, Va.
Stubblefield, J. S.....Pine Bluff, Ark
Swann, T. B.....Dandridge, Tenn.
Swift, C. G.....West View, Va.
Taylor, F. M.....Kinston, N. C.
Taylor, J. H.....Norfolk, Va.
Terrell, K.....Lynchburg, Va.
Thomas, C. R.....Guinea Mills, Va.
Tucker, I. D.....Blackstone, Va.
Van Wagner, F.....Danville, Va.
Wallis, S. T.....Washington, D. C.
Watkins, M. B.....Richmond, Va.
Webb, H. H.....New York, N. Y.
Wierum, R. F.....Montclair, N. J.
Wilkinson, W. H., Jr.....Bedford, Va.
Wimberley, B. B.....Rocky Mount, N. C.
Williams, G.....Chase City, Va
Williamson, R. B., Jr.....Graham, Va.
Wills, W. G., Jr.....Lynchburg, Va.
Withers, N. R.....Suffolk, Va.
Wormely, W. A.....Enfield, Va.
Woodson, J. S.....Oakman, Ala.
Yancey, H. A.....Waynesboro, Va.
Yoemans, R. W.....New Haven, Conn.

FOURTH CLASS

A History



THE eighth of September, nineteen hundred and fifteen, dawned clear and bright, predicting a happy future for the new Rat Class born on that day. There assembled rats of every description except color—they were all green. For several days the Superintendent's office was crowded until one hundred and ten had matriculated, well worthy to keep up the long-standing dignity and record of V. M. I.

Well do we remember those first weeks. The days were taken up with learning the new things every rat has to learn. Of course, at first it was hard, but as time passed things grew easier, and we became less dumb.

Soon came football, and to this we furnished Cullom, besides several good men on the scrubs. Toward the middle of the season came the Gallaudet game with the never-to-be-forgotten victory for V. M. I. As we entered the Arch after the game we were greeted with the pleasing words, "Slouch, Mister." That was enough, and for the rest of the day we enjoyed the privilege of being old cadets.



SNOW FIGHT

THE BOMB



However long it seemed to Christmas, the turning point of the year soon came with its many boxes. Again we didn't have to fin out, and "Brother Rats" literally swarmed the stoops.

Just six days after Christmas came our first good snow. According to custom, the rats of A, B, and C Companies were arrayed against those of D, E, and F Companies. The battle on the Hill was pleasing enough to the old cadets looking on, but after making several charges we were all in and nearly frozen stiff. We were all delighted when General Dulaney put a stop to the fray with his "sweet" music.

Basket-ball season came, and we furnished Rogers besides Sullivan and Scrivens, the latter two showing up well on the Scrubs.

Exams hit us in the midst of all this. After the agony, through which most of us passed safely, a class meeting was held for the purpose of electing officers. Rogers was chosen as President, and Cullom as Vice-President. With our future in the hands of these men, we feel safe in predicting a class that will, in every way, prove to be one of the best in the history of the Institute.

HISTORIAN.

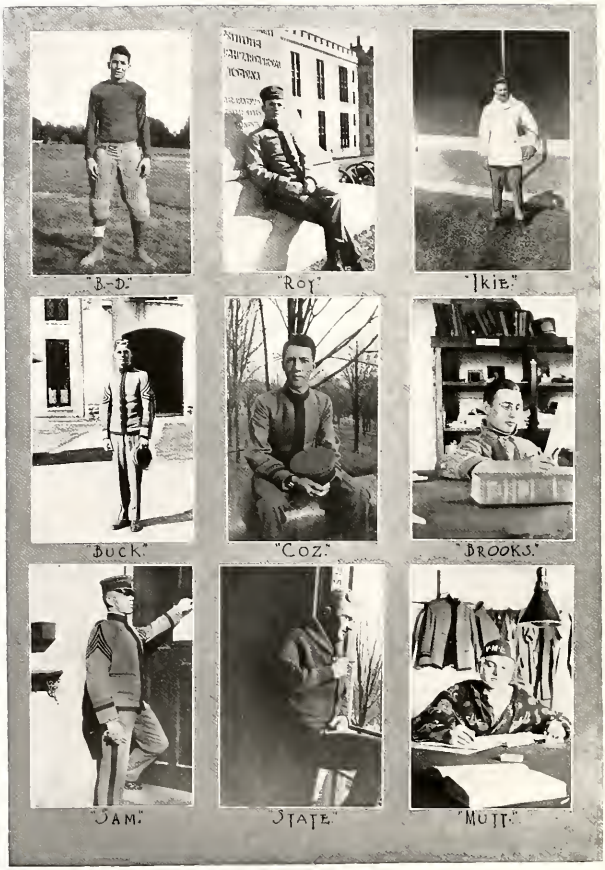




Tourists



As Defined by General Sherman



Intimate Peeps at American Beauties



More Peeps



STILL MORE



SAME


"JOHN."
"GONNY."
"AUDLEY."
"TEMPUS."
"KING."
"DOUG."
"GOVERNOR."
"GASCOIGNE."
"ADDI."

SAME



DITTO



Likewise



Summer School



AGES TORN *from* THE DIARY *of* ONE "WILLIE"—BELLHOP, SHOE SHINER, DOCTOR, VALET, NIGHT WATCHMAN, MUSICIAN, AND GRAFTER OF THE ROCK BRIDGE ALUM SPRINGS, VIRGINIA:

Aug. 1st—The Cadets begin to arrive—all of them with clinking suitcases.

Aug. 2d—Same as above. Major Anderson called the Cadets together to-day and told them that the Alum would hereafter be run as a kindergarten.

Aug. 3d—Mr. Randolph, Mr. Sturcke, and Mr. Rothert are given part of a free haircut by the other Cadets.

Aug. 4th—Tom Potts, helped by the bathers, illustrated a new dive. Tom Potts had on his cits. Booze Whittle returns to St. Regis at midnight smelling like a kitchen.

Aug. 5th—Skeeter Hix and Bunny Vaughan bet John Pitts two dollars on the Jewess, before taps event, draw rain checks, and lose. Pig Ward, on roan filly Jewess, wins all-age, after taps race.

Aug. 6th — Bunny Vaughan is attacked by a nigger in the dark. General hunt follows, and P. I. ambushes litter of pork.

Aug. 7th—Pig Ward exhibits latest style of holding partner while dancing. Dee George Snead and Skeeter Hix elected leaders of the German.



On to Lexington

THE BOMB



Aug. 8th—Marshmallow roast given by Calic in honor of B. Vaughan's tenor. The Calic were keen.

Aug. 9th—Cadets, with help of guns, aid parting country swains on their way. B. D.'s gun gets plugged, and Major appropriates firearms, and in return hands out certified studying.

Aug. 10th — Swallow - tail - champagne dinner in Goshen is attended by keydets in soft shirts and palm beaches.

Aug. 11th—Tom Potts roams around lobby of Allegheny Inn with an armful of beer bottles.

Aug. 12th—Jim Welton and Booze Whittle go to sleep with a chicken, and don't find out about it until "feet on the floor."

Aug. 13th—Tempus Fugate scouts bowling-alley.

Aug. 14th—B. Vaughan imports shell food from civilization, and tries to use Panama's hay for an ice-box to put sea food in.

Aug. 15th—Buck Lewis at watermelon feast puts melon rind in Calic's hay.

Aug. 16th — Ladies' leap-year dance was a fizzle.

Aug. 17th—Founding of the Tuscarora and Westmoreland Clubs.

Aug. 18th — Captain Corse's auto is borrowed, and Tom Potts and Gonni Groover think it to be an aeroplane. Pete Geyer's conscience hurts others more than himself.



The Pool

THE BOMB



Tom's Dike

Aug. 19th—Correct meaning of "Sic Semper Tyrannis" defined, and Booze Whittle explains it to colored race by means of pugilistic demonstration.

Aug. 20th—Final German. Second bowl of punch. The light that hit Dee George's girl and the one that B. Vaughan lost and won. Michaux makes first attempt at soul kiss and fails.

Aug. 21st—Pig Ward tries to break bottom of swimming-pool with his face.

Aug. 22d—Tom Potts wins dancing contest.

Aug. 23d—"Rebecca at the well" disappears.

Aug. 24th—Ladies' German wonderful success. P. I. makes the punch keydet style, and Bob Warren and B. Vaughan dance 20 straight with their calic.

Aug. 25th—Booze Whittle, B. Vaughan, and P. Geyer hold all-night Dynamos of Materials session, smell smoke, save the candy in the showcase, investigate and find it only the kitchen fires.

Aug. 26th—P. I. on exploration tour falls in the creek, sprains his suit, and tears his knee.

Aug. 27th—Tom Potts introduces latest fad by walking around in a barrel—two ladies faint, and one gets hysterics when he gives an exhibition of Mercury, St. Regis bound and barrel—less.



Aug. 28th—Pig Ward gets treated for weak spine.

Aug. 29th — Keykets wash the bulletin boards from the walls of the St. Regis.

Aug. 30th — They're leaving, thank God.



A Study in Contrast



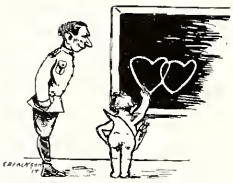
Academic Department



COLONEL THOMAS ARCHER JONES,
B. S., C. E.

Civil Engineering

ARMISTEAD
AYRES
BRADFORD
DEBUTTS
DUNCAN
FRASER
GILLESPIE
HOLMES
HYLAND
LOTH
MOORE
RICH
SANSBERRY



THE BOMB



Colonel Francis Mallory, C. E.

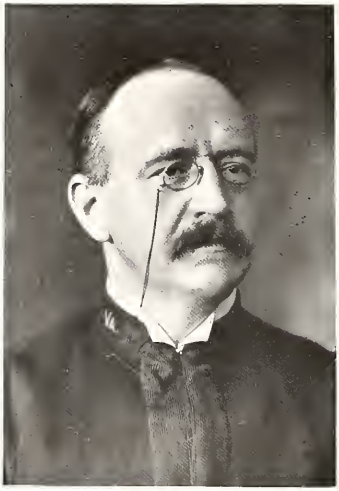
Electrical Engineering

Brewster
Burks
Cosby
Drewry
Fishburne
Friedman
Fugate
Geyer
Hagan
Heflin
Lewis, W. B.
Lohmeyer



Massie
Miller
Millner
McClellan
McCormick
Morris
Old
Pitts, J.
Taber
Thomas
Tynes
Vaughan

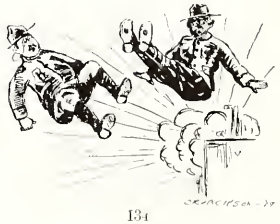
THE BOMB



Colonel Hunter Pendleton, M. A., Ph. D.

Chemical Engineering

Amory	Gaillard	McKay
Dillard	Hix	Pitts, L.
	Jones, W.	



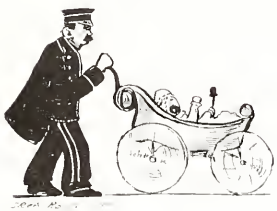
THE BOMB



Colonel Robert Thomas Kerlin, M. A., Ph. D.

Liberal Arts

Chapin, C.
Christian
Collins
DeGraff
Durant
Fechheimer
Groover
Karow
Lyne
Paul
Read
Seaman
Snead
Warren
Zea

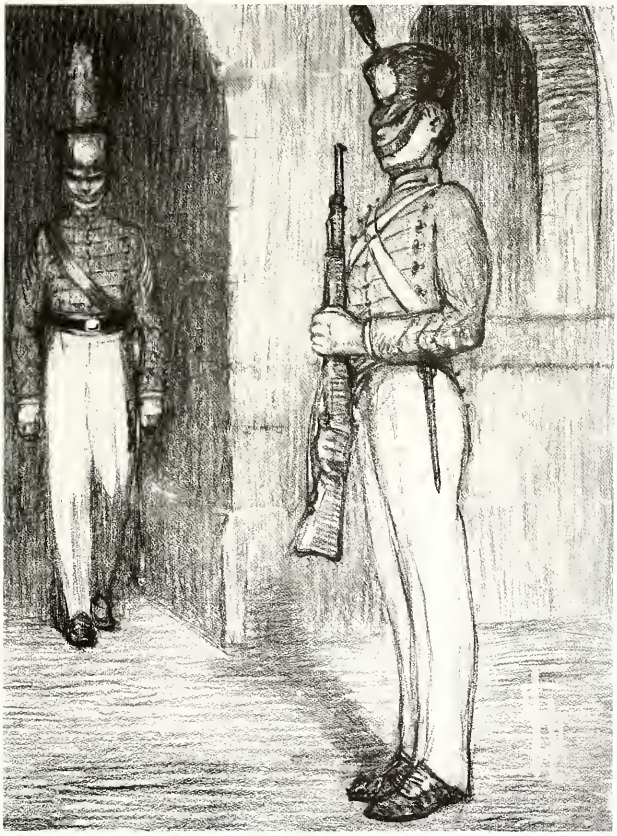


THE BOMB

Summer Joys and Summer Not

When you've walked and walked o'er the arid plain,
And your arm is filled with a cramping pain;
When your shoulder's chafed and your feet are sore,
And you groan and swear you can go no more;
When your shirt is stuck to your back, all wet,
And your old cap's visor is dripping sweat;
When your knees go weak and your back goes lame,
And you know you'll never more be the same—
You've drilled, my boy, you've drilled!

P. C. G., '16.



Military Department



Tactical Officers



COLONEL HARRY L. HODGES

First Lieutenant First Cavalry, U. S. A.

COMMANDANT OF CADETS

MAJOR STEWART W. ANDERSON

INSTRUCTOR IN FIRST AID AND MILITARY HYGIENE

CAPTAIN B. DAVIS MAYO

INSTRUCTOR IN TOPOGRAPHY AND MILITARY FIELD ENGINEERING

CAPTAIN JAMES A. ANDERSON

INSTRUCTOR GALLERY PRACTICE AND TACTICAL OFFICER COMPANY "A"

CAPTAIN LESTER T. GAYLE

INSTRUCTOR ARTILLERY AND TACTICAL OFFICER COMPANY "C"

CAPTAIN FRANK A. GROVE

INSTRUCTOR MILITARY CALISTHENICS AND TACTICAL OFFICER COMPANY "D"

CAPTAIN HENLEY P. BOYKIN

RANGE OFFICER AND TACTICAL OFFICER COMPANY "E"

CAPTAIN HOWARD F. GILL

INSTRUCTOR SIGNALLING AND TACTICAL OFFICER COMPANY "F"

CAPTAIN BENJAMIN BOWERING

INSTRUCTOR CASTRAMENTATION AND TACTICAL OFFICER COMPANY "B"



Military Staff



Military Staff

MAJOR O HUNTER McCLUNG
SURGEON

MAJOR ERNEST A. SALE
QUARTERMASTER AND COMMISSARY AND MILITARY STOREKEEPER

CAPTAIN GEORGE A. DERBYSHIRE
Second Lieutenant, U. S. Army, Retired
ADJUTANT

CAPTAIN LEWIS E. STEELE
ASSISTANT MILITARY STOREKEEPER

MAJOR J. W. McCLUNG
TREASURER

Other Officers

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JOSEPH R. ANDERSON
HISTORIOGRAPHER

MISS NELLIE TRACY GIBBS
LIBRARIAN



Commissioned Officers



COMMISSIONED OFFICERS

H. B. HOLMES, JR. — Captain Co. "A"
S. M. HEFLIN — Captain Co. "C"
J. C. SANSBERRY — Captain Co. "D"
J. M. McCLELLAN — Captain Co. "E"
V. R. GILLESPIE — Captain Co. "F"
H. A. DeBUTTS — Captain Co. "B"
W. B. LEWIS, JR. — First Lieutenant and Adjutant
W. LOHMEYER — First Lieutenant Co. "A"
W. B. BRADFORD — First Lieutenant Co. "D"
J. L. PITTS — First Lieutenant Co. "B"
H. M. READ — First Lieutenant Co. "C"
P. C. GEYER, JR. — First Lieutenant Co. "F"
L. PITTS — First Lieutenant Co. "E"
N. H. MASSIE — Second Lieutenant and Quartermaster
C. H. HIX — Second Lieutenant Co. "C"
C. B. THOMAS — Second Lieutenant Co. "F"
O. L. McCORMICK — Second Lieutenant Co. "B"
B. D. AYRES — Second Lieutenant Co. "A"
M. A. R. LOTH — Second Lieutenant Co. "D"
J. J. BURKS — Second Lieutenant Co. "E"



Miss Nancy Amorette Green
North Carolina
Sponsor for the Staff

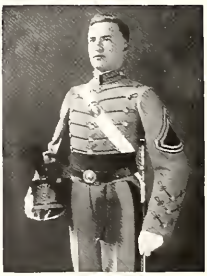
Staff



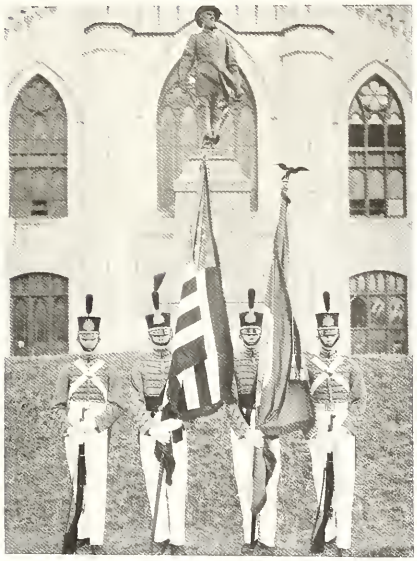
N. H. Massie
Second Lieutenant and
Quartermaster



W. B. Lewis, Jr.
First Lieutenant and
Adjutant



E. C. Brown
Sergeant-Major



THE COLORS

Color Sergeants
MASON, H. MUNCE

Color Guard
AMORY VAUGHAN

Staff

Officers

W. B. LEWIS, JR.....First Lieutenant and Adjutant
N. H. MASSIE.....Second Lieutenant and Quartermaster
E. C. BROWN.....Sergeant-Major

Privates

G. H. DREWRY.....First Military Secretary
W. W. COSBY.....Second Military Secretary
L. H. McKAY.....Assistant Secretary to Superintendent



Miss Laura Ward Wise
VIRGINIA
Sponsor Company "A"

Company "A"



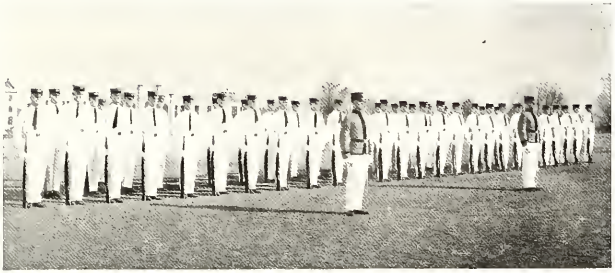
W. Lohmeyer
First Lieutenant



H. B. Holmes, Jr.
Captain



B. D. Ayres
Second Lieutenant



Company "A"

OFFICERS

H. B. HOLMES.....Captain
W. LOHMEYER.....First Lieutenant
B. D. AYRES.....Second Lieutenant
O. B. BUCHER.....First Sergeant

SERGEANTS

Mason, H. (color)
Clarke
Dillard, W
Ruffner
Rheutan

CORPORALS

Marshall, P.
Foy
Perkinson
Root
Ransome
Potts, T.

PRIVATES

Alverson
Adkins
Addison
Brown, C.
Cantrell
Culver
Epes
Fugate
Gaillard
Griffith
Hunter
Jones, G.
Jenkins, J.
Jernigan
Jeffries
Keith
Knapp
Keezell
Lewis, Y.
Morrison, F.
Morrison, H.
Martin, F.
Miller, J. C.
Millner
Moore, W.
Porcher
Russell
Sitwell
Smith, J.
Snead
Swift
Sale
Stubblefield
Taylor, A.
Thomas, R.
Webb
White, B
Wierum
Van Dyke
Yancey
Zea



Miss Mary Welby DeButts
VIRGINIA
Sponsor Company "B"

Company "B"



J. L. Pitts
First Lieutenant



O. L. McCormick
Second Lieutenant



H. A. DeButts
Captain



Company "B"

OFFICERS

H. A. DeBUTTS.....Captain
J. PITTS.....First Lieutenant
O. L. McCORMICK.....Second Lieutenant
W. M. WHITTLE.....First Sergeant

SERGEANTS

Robinson
Goodwin
Lafferty, R.
Noell, S

CORPORALS

Moore, A.
Cole, H.
Blair
Taylor, J.
Hock
Semmes

PRIVATES

Bauer
Bertschey
Belazza
Boynton
Bulkley
Caldwell
Cary
Carter
Chapin, W.
Colburn
Curtis, C.
DeGraff
Duncan
Echols, J.
Ewing
Field, O
Gillet
Hagan
Harney
Harrison, A.
Harrison, W
Hyland
Jenkins
Jones, F.
Karow
Kellogg
Lake
Lee
Mantor
Mason, M
Marr
McEachin
Old
Paul
Pendleton
Peebles
Ramsey
Roberdeau
Robertson
Sanders
Sebrell
Terrell
Throckmorton
White, G
Williamson



Miss Della Elizabeth Frye
Virginia
Sponsor Company "C"

Company "C"



H. M. Read
First Lieutenant



S. M. Heflin
Captain



C. B. Thomas
Second Lieutenant



Company "C"

OFFICERS

S. M. HEFLIN.....Captain
H. M. READ.....First Lieutenant
C. B. THOMAS.....Second Lieutenant
W. B. LEGGETT.....First Sergeant

SERGEANTS

Hughes	Cumming	Martin, C.
	Walker	

CORPORALS

Witt	Herman	Lafferty, E.
Mettenheimer	Hicks	Ripley

PRIVATES

Adlestein	Friedman	Noell, W
Armistead, F.	Gamble	Post
Badham	Guest	Reilley
Bancroft, O	Haley, E.	Ring
Bauseman	Haley, W	Robertson, R
Boykin	Heaton	Scott
Butler, E.	Holliman	Seaman
Collins	James, R.	Smith, C.
Dew	Jones, C.	Taber
Dillon	Lawson	Taylor, F.
Drewry	Massie, W.	Wallace
Echols, C.	Metcalf, W.	Ward
Fairlamb	Montjoy	Williams, J
Fetterolf	Morris	Wimberly
Fisheurne	Neale	Willoughby



THE



BUT



ION



ICAL



Miss Ida May Digges
VIRGINIA
Sponsor Company "D"

Company "D"



W. B. Bradford
First Lieutenant



J. C. Sansberry
Captain



M. A. R. Loth
Second Lieutenant



Company "D"

OFFICERS

J. C. SAXSBERRY.....Captain
W. B. BRADFORD.....First Lieutenant
M. A. R. LOTH.....Second Lieutenant
J. T. HAMLIN.....First Sergeant

SERGEANTS

Porter, Whiting, Campbell, H.
Schlegal

CORPORALS

Gray, Miller, C., Butler, P.
Thornton, Austin, Thomas, J.

PRIVATES

Bond	Groover	Owens
Barry	Hartt	Potts, J.
Cheyne	Hughes, G.	Radford, L.
Christian	Ingram	Shackleford
Crockett	Jackson, C.	Shepherd, F
Dashiell	Jackson, T.	Squire
Dillard, J.	James, P.	Sullivan
Drennen	Luck	Thompson
Eastwood	Marchant	Vaughan
Etheridge	Mc Dowell	Watson
Fechheimer	Metcalf, H	Warren
Gatewood	Michie	Wills
Gill, H.	Nelson	Withers



Miss Virginia Mason
VIRGINIA
Sponsor Company "E"

Company "E"



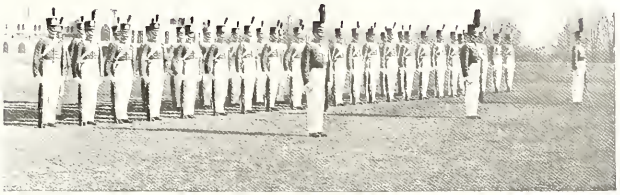
L. Pitts
First Lieutenant



J. M. McClellan
Captain



J. J. Burks
Second Lieutenant



Company "E"

OFFICERS

J. M. McCLELLAN.....Captain
L. PITTS.....First Lieutenant
J. J. BURKS.....Second Lieutenant
J. A. NELMS.....First Sergeant

SERGEANTS

Goodman, B.
Stevenson
Beasley
Mills

CORPORALS

Campbell, A. H.
Ware
Curtis, D.
Bradford, J.
Huntt
Carneal

PRIVATES

Armistead
Bagby
Bancroft, J.
Barnard
Bolen
Branch
Brewster
Casey
Champe
Chapin, C.
Church
Cosby
Cullom
Edwards
Engleby
Eustis
Foy
Fraser
Gould
Hammond
Hawkins
Jones, W
Lamb
Lange
Lyne
McCabe
McCauley
McKay
Michaux
Moncure
Munson
Nottingham
Patterson
Parkerson
Parsons, J.
Parsons, M
Peeler
Rapkin
Saunders
Scriven
Shepherd
Towers
Tucker, C.
West
Woodson



Miss Mary Josephine Preston
VIRGINIA
Sponsor Company "F"

Company "F"



P. C. Geyer
First Lieutenant



V. R. Gillespie
Captain



C. H. Hix
Second Lieutenant



Company "F"

OFFICERS

V. R. GILLESPIE.....Captain
P. C. GEYER.....First Lieutenant
C. H. HIX.....Second Lieutenant
C. P. NASH.....First Sergeant

SERGEANTS

Munce, (color) — McGiffert — Steele
Cole, E — — Pender

CORPORALS

Davis — Taylor, M — Truslow
Lewis, R. — Van Sant — Kyle

PRIVATES

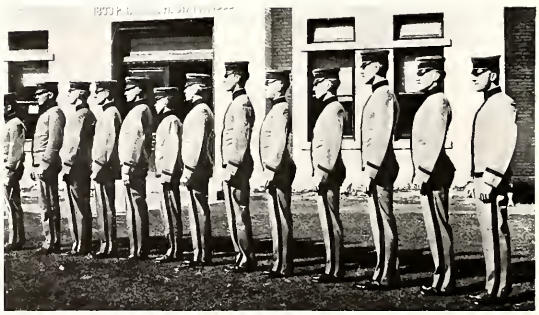
Amory — Hancock — Randolph
Berger — Harris — Rising
Blow — Horn — Rich
Brown, P. — Lockhart — Rogers
Conrad — Lovell — Rothert
Corzelius — Marshall, J — Stuart
Doom — Moore, R. — Taylor, H
Downing — McComb — Tinsley
Driscoll — Newberger — Tucker, D.
Durant — Nock — Van Wagnen
Echols, M — Parker — Watkins
Frary — Payne — Wilkinson
Goodman, W. — Pfeifler — Williams, G.
Grantham — Radford, R. — Wilson



BUSTED !

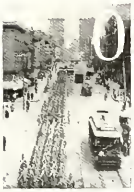
From left to right

Fetterolf
Snead
Moore, R.
Brewster
Paul
Drewry
Saunders
Millner
Shepherd, L.
Roberdeau
Rothert
Hawkins
Champe





HIKE



ONE keydet stops another on the stoop, and the following conversation takes place: "Whatcha reckon? The corps is ordered to Europe." "Aw, quit lying." "Well, we *are* going to the exposition, sure enough." "You swear we are." "No, but Doc Hinty said Labby Jim told him that Joe's got a hunch we might go to the Confederate Reunion in Richmond the first part of June."

This is the general rule that governs rumors that are no sooner uttered than they are disseminated over barracks—so highly embellished and mutilated as to be unrecognizable to their originators. This particular one sounded so reasonable, however, that every one began to swear off on "big ones" and such luxuries in order to be financially



Governor Stuart and Staff



Old Vets

equipped for the trip. Then all doubts were set at rest by a series of tentative orders. We were to be present for the celebration, and then hike around the battlefields in the vicinity of Richmond. Meantime we had been fording the Nile, scaling perpendicular cliffs, and slaughtering the enemy (imaginary) by the wholesale, in order to develop the principle of Preparedness for the hike.

On June the second Tom's "misery whistle" summoned us to a very damp rev on the stoops. No one emanated an atmosphere of good cheer except those chronic optimists known as "reveille whistlers" (who will have a special deck in Hades with Du blowing rev constantly until relieved by Gabriel, the other musician of the guard). After each man had securely wrapped his blanket around toothpaste and extra hose, his packing was completed, but the acting quartermaster sergeants loaded trunks with shakos and dikes, and then baggage wrestled in the cold, gray morn. There was a special formation at half-past eight, from which about half of each company fell out to get mislaid articles, such as "countrolls," fowling pieces, and funds. Overcoats and raincapes were worn to the Lexington Terminal, and pieces were kept from damage by the judicious application of vaseline.

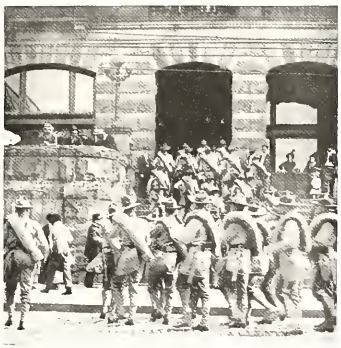
The bilious-hued special pulled out at nine o'clock wildly cheered by Siamese and Rush Miller. The journey soon resolved itself into a time-killing contest, with the King of Indoor Sports taking first place. Many a "roodles" spelled disaster for some



Parade

devotee who had calculated on taking Her out to dinner on the proceeds of that pot. We rolled into Richmond in the afternoon, greeted by the "Old Yell" from the ever faithful alumni—and it was still raining. The Stonewall Jackson Band met us at the station, and led the way to the Grays' Armory. The Grays extended every courtesy, and saved much confusion by assigning each company a separate room, where trunks, rolls, guns, and equipment were stacked.

We were free the rest of the evening; and, after a stampede for the showers, most of us took advantage of the kind invitation to attend the dance



Grays' Armory

at the Country Club. Of course, every one had the time of his young life, and the jitneys were crowded until the wee sma' hours.

Early rev Thursday morning; and, for those who didn't "desire to—fall out," breakfast at the Masonic Temple. Perfect dikes were thrown on for the parade, although we didn't move off until two hours after assembly. Many keydets swore they didn't know there were so many people in the world as were lined up on the streets, in windows and doors, and on the roofs of all the buildings. It was hard to resist the temptation to jump when a familiar feminine voice would call out, "Why, there's Willie—hello, Willie," but the corps was on its best behavior, and remained so all the time away

from Lexington. The veterans passed in review, stepping high and strutting as if fifty years had rolled away. The corps followed, each platoon line looking like the edge of a T square. The vets halted at street corners for refreshments, while we gazed on hungrily, but in vain. We were informed that it was unmilitary to accept sandwiches from even the most charming of calic.

The rain commenced again, but not until the long parade was over and the corps had "batted it up." "Cut the guy ropes" was the slogan, and the distance to the Armory was quickly covered. Nobody was too "petered" to attend the balls given at the Armories of the Blues and Grays. Roomy as the ballrooms were, every available foot of space was being one-stepped or fox-trotted on, as the case may be. The vets were "right"; and when they danced the Virginia Reel and yelled for Dixie, we discovered where the "old-time pep" comes from. In addition, the Blues staged a midnight carbaret that compared favorably even with the Christmas Eve minstrel show.

Friday morning the corps, minus blanket rolls, took a nine-mile jaunt to Seven Pines, where an extremely interesting and instructive lecture on Civil War campaigns was delivered by Major Durfee, of the Army War College. The Q. M. sergeants were left behind to attend the matinée and guard the blanket rolls. A tasty repast, prepared on the field range, was served by Commissary Sergeant Ashburn. The corps returned in the afternoon, swinging into Richmond whistling "Our Director," an infallible sign that all is well. That night theaters, hotels, and streets were full of sightseeing keydets, all of whom were shown a "keen" time by the people of Richmond. Those who made a late but desperate sprint for the Armory were greeted by the news that taps had been postponed until twelve. Back to the dance in a Ford limousine!



"Latest dope—battlefield hike called on account of rain!" This was "fruit," and we concluded that we each had a horseshoe where it would do the most good. Saturday the corps entrained for Petersburg in pursuance to a special order, arriving there before noon. After parading the streets behind the fife and drum corps of '76, we hied us to the historic Crater. We have paraded in blizzards, gone to church in cloud

THE BOMB



Bound for Seven Pines

bursts, and advanced-guarded in winter, but never before had we made three tracks in full dike under a tropical sun! When the last perspiring keydet had assisted his 8.69 pounds of gun up the last dusty hill, Major Durfee delivered another lecture, illustrated by maps, the whole corps and a number of visitors being seated in the Crater itself. After another pleasant saunter back to Petersburg, arms were stacked and dinner served. Dear reader, the author had never before seen so many pretty girls and home-made sandwiches all in one place. Everybody in Petersburg turned out to give us a "welcome to our city," and we consoled ourselves on departing only by reflecting that it was a case of "On to Richmond" again. That night the corps was turned loose again; and, believe us, there was considerable swea—that is to say, "an enjoyable time was had by all."

Sunday morning the corps attended church at St. James. In the afternoon the jitneys did a rushing business, and the "large hounds" were severing Biscuits right and left.* This was the last day of grace, and was taken advantage of accordingly. One crew of the boys went out to Westhampton and got a general idea what a female V. M. I. is like.

After rev and packing Monday morning, "all the corps is divided into three parts," one part breakfasting at hotels, another part at dairy lunches, and the remainder at the Temple. Such were the varying degrees of financial standing. Calic galore were at the



Seven Pines

*Editor's Note to Inquisitive Civilian Readers: This allusion is strictly for the benefit of the inmates of barracks.

THE BOMB



Going Home

station to bid a fond farewell and add, "Yes, I'll be right there for Finals," and this was all that helped to raise a dense cloud of gloom. The trip back was uneventful, as nearly everybody was artistically draped over a seat, having nightmares about the exams to which we were being rushed at fifteen miles per hour. The restless ones rode alternately in the baggage car and coal tender, acquiring a rich coat of soot as a souvenir.

At twilight the train "backed up and scotched" through East Lexington, and a few minutes later the corps was marching to barracks. It is uncertain which appealed the more, supper or bath, but there is no doubt as to the popularity of the goal of many a keydet's ambition—we refer to the hay. The Q. M. sergeants dismounted from the "gravy train" about this time and unloaded trunks until taps, being assisted by the bystanders, who all wanted to know at once: "Where in H—— is my breastplate?" "Did you see a pair of ducks with grass stains on 'em?" "Say, who's been jumping up and down on my shako?" ad infinitum. Next day an inspection was held for lost, strayed, or stolen articles, and so endeth the Richmond trip and the 1915 hike.



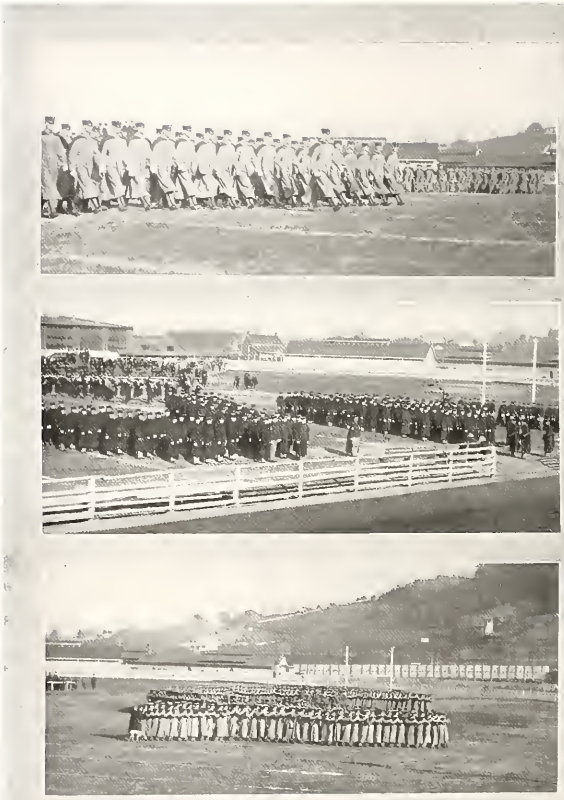




MOST of the trips taken by the corps are products of ancient rumors, but contrary to custom the Roanoke Trip is a custom in itself. Many, perhaps, wish that the said custom had never been inaugurated, but scrupulously refrain from saying so. Accordingly, the corps, with the exception of a very few, went to Roanoke on November 25, 1915. The location of Roanoke, the cause of the trip, and the outcome of the trip are doubtless familiar landmarks to all who will read this, and the mere fact that we went must suffice.

We entrained at Lexington in due time, and after a most refreshing spin (during which, we may remark *en passant*, we learned that it is naughty to appear in public in one's—er—underclothing) we arrived at the Magic City at 11:30, when we were marched to the Ponce de Leon, the official headquarters of the corps, and dismissed. The culinary parts of the city were quickly found, and keydets in hordes came, saw, and filled their—well, you know what I mean.





Before the Game

THE BOMB

The writer does not know the pastimes indulged in by everybody, but however enticing and alluring they were, he does know that spirit dominates love, for when the time came to march to the Fair Frounds, it could be truly said, "The gang's all here." Our Victrola, I mean our band, led us faithfully, in spite of the jibes of the carping sideline critics. After showing the wondering populace at the Fair Grounds the results of "virile" military training, we were assigned to four rows of seats almost 18 feet long, and after a typical Semitic outing (I refrain from saying "sheenie"), two squads found seats comfortably, and the other thirty-six or more sat on Mother Earth and hung their feet over. Old yells for everybody connected with the Institute were



Snake Dance

given until our throats were "bricky dry." Some kind soul wound up our "Victrola," and it did awfully well, except that nobody could hear it; and, besides, a master mind would have been required to figure out exactly what kind of close—nay, gross; I stand corrected—harmony was being attempted. But that mattered nothing; we were there to yell, and yell we did. The game started and ended, and the account is somewhere else in this volume, with none of the horrible details missing, so the reader can go there for the real "dope."

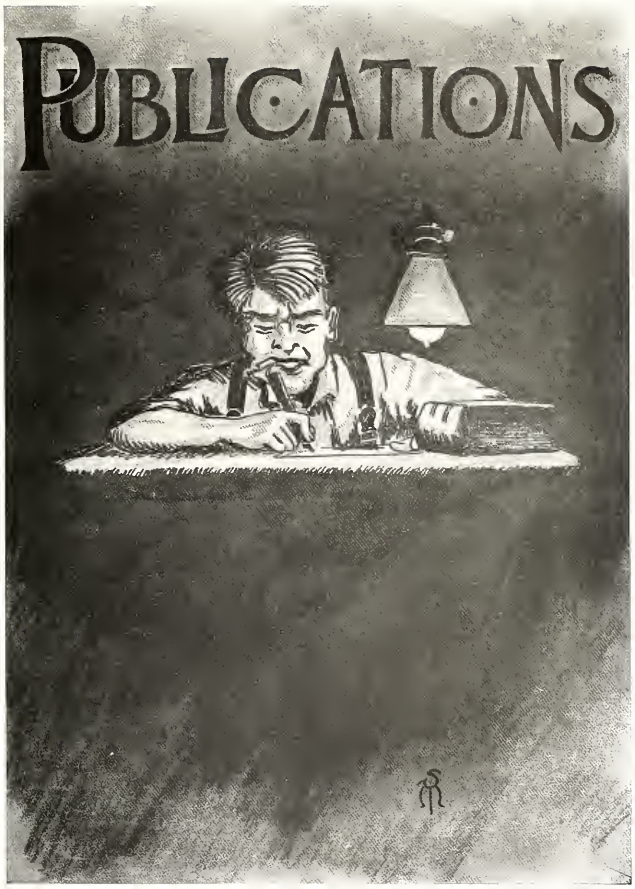
The V. P. I. corps should be complimented on their yelling, their music, and whole attitude, for all three were greatly admired by their old rivals. We will skip now, and start anew with "after the game." To say "we dispersed"

is very expressive, some finding refuge and solace in kind ladies' glances, others in equally delectable quarters, and not a few at the theater.

In short, we had the same good time we always do, and nobody seemed very keen about going home—excuse me, to barracks. Nine o'clock that night was the time of departure, and a few keydets "smelt" as usual, but the majority formed and entrained for "Hay and Lexington." We were welcomed back by the poor, suffering Quarter Guard at least, and nineteen O. C. M. N. I.'s were unnecessary that night. Some may have dreamed—it is doubtful—but all slept, the sleep of the weary; all heartbroken, but sternly resolved to get the other "end of the stick" next year.



Red, White and Yellow


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The Cadet Staff



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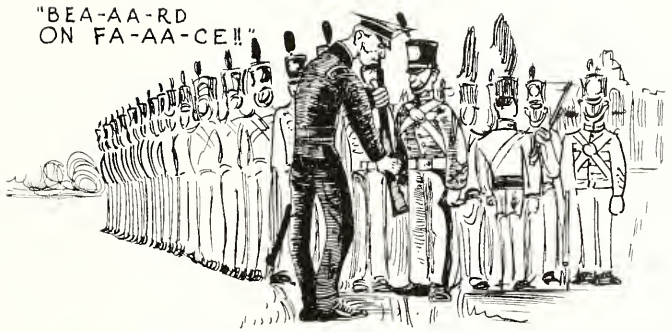
The Christmas Supplement



Editorial Staff

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¶ A little booklet of cadets, by cadets, and for cadets, done into print for Holly Day reading. Through the publication of such a volume at each Yule Tide, containing only poems and stories, a medium is furnished for the expression of any literary ability that barracks may shelter. The Supplement was inaugurated during the present term.



(With profuse apologies to Ring W. Lardner)



EER AL—

I woodof rote 2 U b4 only I got the rong train at lynchburgh an got put off at this l hors burg an Honest Al this burg makes me sick at my stummick. But Conny Mack told me oncet, always keep my eyes open for recroots and i did an they tole me at the greeks where I was— an he was at the lexington Military Academy an i went out 2 c him. i will haf2 tell U alla bout it Al so hear goes.

i put up ata swell joint the Sentrall hotell xcept they didant have enny beer so i got a guy with a littel blew an wite hat 2 show me the lex. Mil. Aca. an i went outta bout 11 pm; ohclock at nite that evening. The bellhop stoped me an he had a big rifel but U know me Al and their cant no guy run the bull over me but i stoped)as i sed b4(beaws he had a writle an how did i no it woodent go off Al? Wella bout that time a nuther gink comes in an the cadebt says halt Whos their? an the boob stumbles an says Good Gawd; or sumthin like that an the cadebt says he dont believe U but ""addvance 2b wreckanized"" an he did an says Whothe he—I is this guy Mistah? call yore Corpril an tell him 2 ease it up a bout 6 in. itole who i am an wont take no foolin from nobody but he pulls outta Krupp Gun as long as my arm from his hipockit an says U big slob i'll whittel U down to my size an stomp yore brains out; an he lookt awful hard in that flannil shirt but i wasent mad at him so he cawmed down an interdeuced me to him an he was capting Mayo, B. V. D. for short. he took me too his room an gave me sum coca Cola)lexington is dry just my luck(an tole me 2 make myself at home while he thot up sum ekcentric things 2 say in class necks day.

i herd sum purty music acrosst the hall so i walks in an meats b. Bowering, virginia. he was giving a pickelo Hel— an dancing by hisself, beaws he says he is in charge of

Castle-Imitation an sur enuf Al he is as good as mR. Castle hisself. Bennie was very modest thogh he was 1st in his class last yere an got a hansum meddle as jackson Hope.

Thee other Hope was the Wite Hope Capting Boykin. he remines me of what happens when a pin sticks in me but he had millinery life b4 in the millisha an is very loyal to v. m. 1. he gave a lot of $s 2c that the cadebts rooms were kept neetly an he helpt outta bunch of pore farmers at the football serious at roaNoke.

i felt the stoop trimbling now an Olie Anderson rolls in. they call him Olie beaws its an hes both short for Olie Margerene an he looks like a cute littel butterball. he says he neerly goes bughouse nursing the Rats)what they call the bushleague cadebts(in the galery but he must b very efishent beaws he is so innergetick. i was tole that it is a enspiring speckticklе to C him on the Jim floor working a skirts arm up an down like the old pump handel on the farm.

he rooms with a nuther feller that is built like a brick bilding also. this littell Loyd Leech is sum athalete Al an i thot he was 1 of the cadebts beaws he acks sumthin like a humen beeing. they say he has a wonnerful comand of Langwige an can tell em to cut out that dam fuss in 39B for 15 minites an not repect hisself. he looks like the kind that the skirts fall for 2.

Suddinley i herd sum chips rattel an sumwon say "Je's you guys are tite" so i walks in an is interdeuced alla round. The subs)oh i forgot Al these are the guys that are supose to teech rithmatic an spellin sumtimes an kinda hanga round an get in the cadebts way but they shoot it way up yonder when they get under what is called "the gentil rein from Heavun" controaled by the commadant who has a idear that Subs shood be useful! as well as ornamental(well Al the subs were having a littel sesshun and buhleive me Al theyve got it down to a sighense. Won ofem was a reglar scollige chap an they called him joe Eddie an if you coodof lamped that overcoat an emmerald lid U woodof bin dazzzled. he says he ain't said nothin to a cadebt till yet but hes very noisy in the subs quarters. hes won of those dashing guys U no what i mean Al an as Shakespier says he brakes there hearts to pass the time a way an hes awful fond of pecpul that shoot bows an arrers like Cewpid, ecT. hes just bin a cadebt an it hasint wore off yet. but joe Eddie is a fine boy.

Over their in the corner a buxom gent was settin lookin a bout as cheerful as if he had swallered a harmonica. That was Gloomy Gus Gill an Al if laffin makes U fat he mustof put on reverse english to gain 89LBs. since he was a cadebt. enny way he must look awful prosperuss to visitors standin by the statu an hes a peachofa addvurtisement for the v. m. 1.)that stands for lex. MII. Aca. Al(mes hall an also for a "b4 takin" aunty-fat add. he waves his arms a round sorta simple like but thats beaws hes lerning allmost as much a bout semi-in as his seckshun nos.

Skidoo Snidow was a nuther won but he wont live with the others an says he spends all his time helping Peter Wray an Ding Don an Socks run the post Xchange. his favorite flower is the weenie an he must thrive on it beaws he looks happy an wellfed even if he does live in the liberry where Mager P. Foot Anderson does. hes all rite Al allthogh hes a ardent Irishman an believes in Gott strafing the Kiser.

THE BOMB

Won of the rankest)i mean ranking Al(subs is P. I. Gayle. hes got a very masterful jaw an they tole me he useta xtend it stil further on ackount ofa stiff neck which gave him a very gracefull appierance like a reumattic giraff. i was also tole that hes goin to sing "i here U calling me" on the stage an practices whenever they let him go to paraid. he says he cant help bein brootal to 3d classmen beaws if he wasent they wood kid him a bout bein a amachoor in kemistrey compared to Labby Jim. he says he loves to look ernestly at a 3d classmans gun an then shoot it up for beerd on face. he addmits he bowls the skirts over wherever he goes an espeshally at the v. m. I. summer school where he coodent help bein so dam attrackive. P. I. is realy all right Al an the cadebts dont mind him bein a round very much.

Say Al i neerly forgot what i was goin to tell U a bout the recroot. His name is Shady Grove an he chaws terbacker just like a big leaguer an he useta be a catcher here. they tell me hes awful quiet an dont even malltreet the Rats at Jimnashum but a bout this time he came in. Al he lookt rakish in that cits cap of his but hed just got threw his inspeckshun an i was scared he coodent catch a baseball if he coodent catch all them rooms runnin lights and them cadebts runnin the block so i says adios an beets. So those are the v. m. I. subs Al beaws the others were weeded out an sent off to collige. i coodof tole U some more things Al but U know me Al an i ain't that sorta guy. Give my regards to the missus.

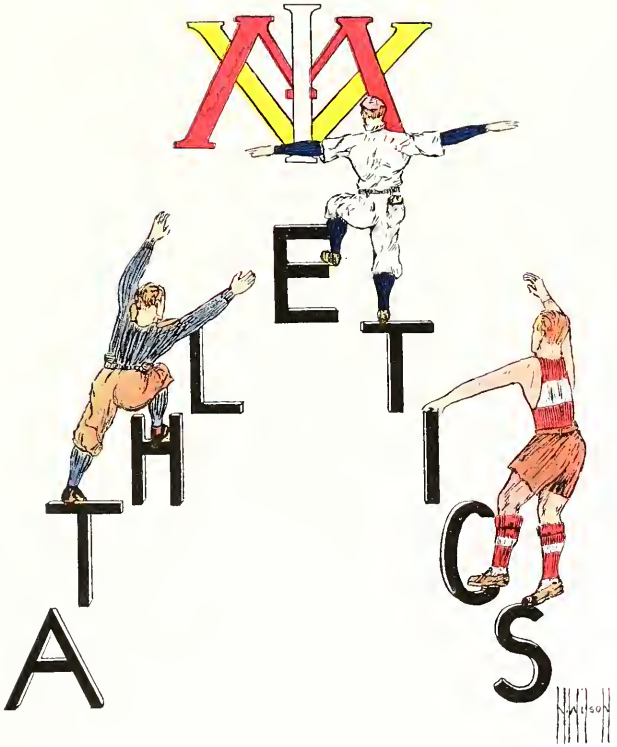
Your pal,

Bill



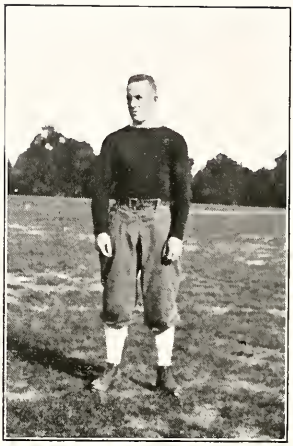


In and Out of Barracks


ATHLETICS
WATSON



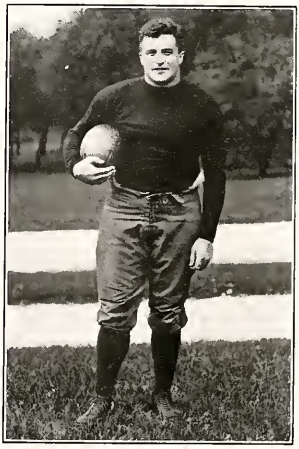
F. H. Gorton
Head Coach



Captain Leech
Assistant Coach



Dr. Randolph
Assistant Coach



E. C. Abell
Assistant Coach

The Coaches





The Team



FOOTBALL



FOOTBALL prospects at V. M. I. were given a setback in September when it was announced that the captain-elect, Oakes, would not return to school. In Oakes we lost a punter of rare ability and a hard-plunging full-back. Nelms, who was selected to succeed him, combines many of the best qualities of the successful leader, but injuries and illness kept him out of the game during a good part of the season. Also Fetterolf, who played brilliantly in the back field in the first games, was lost by a broken collarbone. These losses, together with those occasioned by graduation of the Class of 1915, were enough to discourage all but the most optimistic.

This recital is not an attempt to establish an alibi for the loss of games, but just a bare statement of facts. The record of the team of 1915-1916 on the field is one that needs no apology, but deserves much praise. To win six games, tie one, and lose two, is a fair season's record for any team. When it is considered that V. M. I. did not enter a single game in which she was not outweighed—often by 10 to 15 pounds per man, the above record becomes distinctly creditable. The writer, representing the feelings of numbers of Alumni, wishes to testify to the unsurpassed skill of Coach Frank Gorton and to the gameness and fighting spirit shown by the team. We wish, also, to thank Assistant Coach Leech, Mr. Oscar Randolph, and Rice Yonell for their efficient work with the squad.



Captain Nelms

The season began on September 25th with a victory over Hampden-Sidney by a score of 25 to 7. October 2d saw us win from William and



PITTS, J.

Mary College, 19 to 6. In these first two games our back field showed up well, with Nelms, Fetterolf, and Harris advancing the ball. However, Fetterolf was injured in the W. and M. game, and was out for practically the rest of the season.

On October 9th V. M. I. won a 7 to 0 victory over the fast, heavy team from Gallaudet College, and the next Saturday won a tight game from Richmond College by 13 points to 6.

October 23d found us playing the University of North Carolina to a 3 to 3 tie in Greensboro. In this game Cullom distinguished himself at center, playing all over the field and making many tackles. Hawkins put up a good fame at left guard, and McCormick kicked a pretty field goal from the 35-yard line.

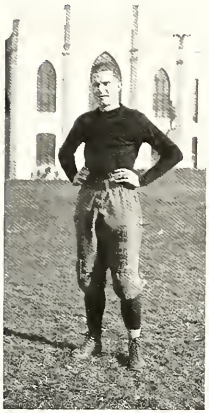
Virginia's powerful team was in full stride when we met them on October 30th, and we came away with the short end of a 44 to 0 score. However, when we saw what Virginia's wonderful offensive did to Vanderbilt shortly afterwards, we did not feel that we were alone in defeat.

Coming back strongly the next Saturday, V. M. I. won from Wake Forest College by a score of 21 to 6, in a game that showed what a light, fast team can do against the old style line-plunging attack. Wake Forest finally resorted to the forward pass, but it was too late. One of their passes was intercepted by Harris, of V. M. I., who ran 70 yards for a touchdown. V. M. I.'s other scores were made by forward passes, Harris to McCormick, and Gray to Bucher.



HEFLIN

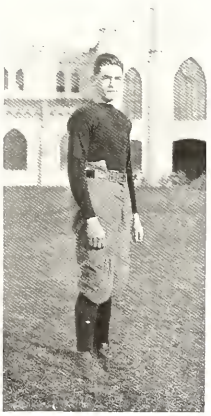
THE BOMB



McCormick

November 13th saw an uphill battle, bitter all the way, in which V. M. I. defeated Clemson College, of South Carolina, 6 to 3. V. M. I. was on the defensive most of the time, and the fact that they were able to win at all against a fast aggregation, 12 pounds heavier to the man, is in itself a high tribute to the team and the coaches.

Thanksgiving Day found the cadet corps in Roanoke to support the team against their old rivals, V. P. I. But the best efforts of the team, backed by 350 loyal members of the corps, availed not to stave off defeat. In a hard, cleanly-played game we lost by a score of 27 to 9. Though defeated, we all felt that we had done our best, and had only succumbed to superior weight and speed. Any one who thinks that the Virginia Polytechnic Institute did not have a first-class football team on November 26, 1915, had better revise his estimate.



Massie, N.

Having thus finished with the past season, we turn toward a new year with confidence. And this confidence is not without reason. Although we lose five men from the squad by graduation, still we have a good nucleus for a team. There is still undeveloped material in the lower classes, and next year's Fourth Class should add a few good men. In addition to our present efficient coaching staff, we will have next year Mr. Abell, of Colgate University, who was selected by Walter Camp for the all-American team. With Harris, this year's fullback, leading a bunch of good material, and with first-class coaches, we may look forward to a successful season next fall.

THE BOMB



PAUL



SNEAD

THE BOMB



GOODMAN



FETTEROLF



BUCHER

THE BOMB



Steele



Cole, E.



Harris

THE BOMB



GRAY



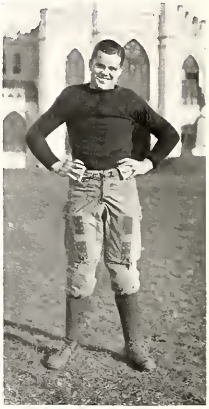
HAWKINS



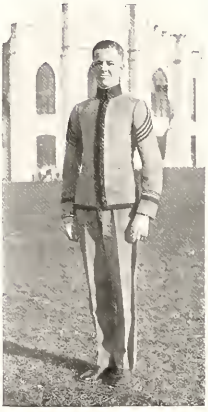
MARSHALL, P



Bertschey



Cullom



Manager Holmes

THE BOMB

Chronicle

FRANK H. GORTON.....Coach
J. A. NELMS.....Captain
H. B. HOLMES, JR.....Manager
F. S. ROBINSON.....Assistant Manager

The Team

ENDS	TACKLES	GUARDS	CENTER
Massie, N.	Pitts, J.	Heflin	Cullom
Goodman	McCormick	Hawkins	Snead
Bucher	Steele		
Marshall, P.			

HALFS	FULL	QUARTER
Nelms	Harris	Gray
Paul		Bertschey
Fetterolf		
Cole, E.		

Schedule

Sep.	25.	At	Lexington	V. M. I., 25;	Hampden-Sidney College	7
Oct.	2.	At	Lexington	V. M. I., 19;	William and Mary College	6
Oct.	9.	At	Lexington	V. M. I., 7;	Gallaudet College	0
Oct.	16.	At	Lexington	V. M. I., 13;	Richmond College	6
Oct.	23	At	Greensboro	V. M. I., 3;	University of North Carolina	3
Oct.	30.	At	Charlottesville	V. M. I., 0;	University of Virginia	44
Nov.	6.	At	Lexington	V. M. I., 21;	Wake Forest College	6
Nov.	13.	At	Richmond	V. M. I., 6;	Clemson Aggies	3
Nov.	25.	At	Roanoke	V. M. I., 9;	Virginia Polytechnic Institute	27
				103		102



The Scrubs



Gallaudet Game



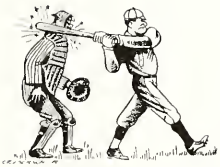
V. P. I. Game



Baseball



Baseball Squad



BASEBALL



IN many respects the season of nineteen-fifteen was a repetition of the preceding season, especially in as far as the winning of games was concerned. Though relatively few games were won, yet the team on the whole appeared to be the best that the Institute has turned out in many a year, and the majority of games that were lost were lost by close scores, and were due rather to errors of omission than commission.

The old, old jinx, hard luck, hung with the team tirelessly, and even the victories were won by narrow margins. The team, however, showed decided improvement over the one of the preceding year, as shown by the fact that six of the regulars batted over .300, and the throws and stops were of fine caliber, well up to the standard of college baseball. While a number of the games were lost, the scores do not give anything like an accurate estimate of the team.

The opening of the season witnessed the transfer of the diamond from the east side of the Hill to the northwest corner of the new parade ground, which was a temporary location. This new ground did not round out well into a diamond, and this fact together with lack of time for practice handicapped the team seriously.

The team started off poorly, the first game being dropped through inability to connect safely in the pinches. Likewise the second contest. However, the team soon took a brace, and the men recovered their batting eyes to the effect that the third game was won hands down. The next game was won by our ancient Blacksburg rivals, in which again the jinx figured to a great extent.

The middle of the season found the team going along at a good stride, and it was then that the



CAPTAIN GILLESPIE



majority of the games were annexed; but towards the end of the season the team struck its second slump, and it was still in this condition when the last game was played on the road.

"Rock" Gillespie, the old reliable, former outfielder and third-baseman for two years, piloted the team, and too much credit can not be bestowed on him for the way he handled his men under the then existing conditions. At shortstop he performed in good style, and his old black bat gave many an outfielder a long, hard chase.

On first, "College Chap" Schoen, a Georgia product, performed cleverly, covering more than his share of the diamond and "digging 'em" out of the dust, while he batted well above the .300 mark.

On second, "Buddie" McCormick, our veteran infielder, did good work also, and his sterling fielding record coupled with his grand batting average of .450 will make him long remembered in the baseball annals of the Institute..

Third base was equally divided between Hamlin and Franklin, two newcomers who had been utility men the season before. The work of "Addi" Hagan in the infield is worthy of note, for this little player displayed class in the fielding line, though his weakness with the stick kept him out of many of the games.

In the outfield the team was still less settled. Durant, Bratton, and Spessard were started in left, center, and right field, respectively, but towards the middle of the season the famous "Pitts Brothers" battery was broken up and they were sent to the outfield, occupying left and center field, while Spessard retained his position in right. The work of all three, especially "John" and "Lindsay," was of the highest order, each batting above the coveted .300 mark. Many a belated rally was directly due to the combined efforts of the three.

On the pitching staff, Pitts, J., and Butcher figured most prominently, while Driscoll showed up very well. This department heretofore has been the weakest point in the defense, but the pitchers last year worked with a will that was a joy to the corps.

On the receiving end were Pitts, L., and Mahone, the latter holding down the job after Lindsay was shifted to the outfield. He held the pitchers up in big league style, while his whip cut off many a would-be pilferer of the sacks.

With a consideration of the material on hand and that which we hope to obtain, the future looks decidedly bright. Only three regulars, Schoen, Mahone, and Spessard, have been lost, and with the other vets back in their positions, Pitts, L., probably being shifted back to catcher, we have only one vacancy in the infield and two in the outfield. These no doubt can be easily filled, for many of the utility players have showed up well, while there is sure to be good material among the rats.

With the opening of next year's season, the team will find itself installed in a brand-new home on the new athletic field, where there will be plenty of room and the long-dreamed-of grandstand, bleachers, and "Big League" diamond will become realities.

Now let us pause to await the coming of the new season, for with Coach Gorton and Gillespie in command the never-die spirit will cause our star of hope to ascend in full glory to its zenith, crowning with success the untiring efforts of the wearers of the V. M. I.





MANAGER LOHMEYER

Chronicle

FRANK H. GORTON.....COACH
CAPTAIN L. L. LEECH.....ASSISTANT COACH
CAPTAIN F. A. GROVE.....ASSISTANT COACH
W. LOHMEYER.....MANAGER

The Team

Pitchers

PITTS, J. BUCHER MASSIE, W.

Catchers

PITTS, L. SALE

MILLNER, *First Base*
GILLESPIE, *Second Base*
HAMLIN, *Shortstop*
ROGERS, *Third Base*
PAUL, *Left Field*
MARSHALL, P., *Center Field*
HAGAN, *Right Field*

Schedule

March 24—Augusta Military Academy.....Lexington
March 30—Swarthmore College.....Lexington
April 1—Virginia Polytechnic Institute.....Blacksburg
April 5—West Virginia Wesleyan.....Lexington
April 8—Hampden-Sidney College.....Lexington
April 15—Virginia Christian College.....Lexington
April 21—Western Maryland College.....Lexington
April 22—Elon College.....Lexington
April 24—Washington College.....Lexington
April 27—University of South Carolina.....Lexington
April 29—Clemson Agricultural College.....Lexington
May 1—University of Virginia.....Charlottesville
May 2—Maryland Agricultural College.....Washington
May 3—Navy.....Annapolis
May 6—Virginia Polytechnic Institute.....Lexington


Neville Wilson



The Team



BASKET BALL



THE sport of basket-ball at V. M. I. is comparatively in its infancy; but, regardless of this fact, it has taken such a hold on the corps that it is ranked next, and justly so, in line with football.

On the return of the corps in September and after a general survey of the material on hand, men that were not in the least enthusiastic could not help but notice the bright prospects in view. It's tiresome to hear the "dopester" air his views, but it's great to see them materialize right before our eyes. And such was the case with regard to the team this year. Started the season off with a rush, and were only checked upon meeting the strong Virginia team in Charlottesville. However, we are quite satisfied with the result of the game when we consider that it was on a foreign court—and to quote the words of Virginia supporters, "It was one of the best games seen on the floor of the Fairweather gym this season."

Speaking about the boys themselves—John Pitts, who captained the team this year, gained quite a reputation for himself in the Virginia game. *College Topics*, the Virginia weekly, pronounced him to be the best guard seen there in action this season.



Captain Pitts, J.

Rogers, John's running mate and a new man on the line-up this year, was a most aggressive player, and showed up not only as a valuable man at guard, but also as one capable of handling a forward's job. He would be a strong contender for this position, should the coach need him there next season.

"Buck" Lewis, a scrub of last year, was easily able to hold down center. Buck not only

has the faculty of seeing and taking advantage of every opening at the touch-off, but he was excellent in his floor work, and simply couldn't miss the basket.

Next in line comes "Peyt" Marshall. With him also it was a case of "How can he miss when he's got dead aim?" In a recent *Cadet*, Marshall was mentioned as being a contender for the position of guard on the All-South Atlantic, and THE BOMB is with the *Cadet* in making this suggestion.

Last, but not least, comes the "Wop." Fetterolf is the most aggressive bunch of nerves and energy one can imagine. He revolves like a veritable entanglement of arms and legs when he makes it obvious that he will be satisfied with nothing less than the possession of that ball. Although a little erratic in his shooting, when he cuts loose he "just goes crazy," and there's not an angle on the floor too difficult for him.

The season ended with the crowning event in the defeat of our old rivals, V. P. I. This more than made up for our losses to North Carolina and Wake Forest, games cleanly won by our opponents, but coming at the time when the team was suffering from an overtraining slump. In winning from V. P. I. by a 25 to 19, after having overcome a 9 to 2 lead, and while on a foreign court, the team showed its true caliber and the abundance of that indefinable quality of "guts."

Too much praise can not be tendered to Coach Gorton and Captain Leech for their untiring efforts in making such a successful season possible. To them we extend our heartiest congratulations, and in them we look forward to a Greater V. M. I. in this branch of athletics.

Chronicle



MANAGER DEBUTTS

F. H. GORTON.....COACH
CAPTAIN L. L. LEECH.....ASSISTANT COACH
J. L. PITTS.....CAPTAIN
H. A. DEBUTTS.....MANAGER

The Team

PITTS, J. (Captain)
ROGERS
LEWIS, W. B.
MARSHALL, P.
FETTEROLF
DEBUTTS (Manager)

Schedule

Jan. 8.	In Lexington	V. M. I., 64;	Virginia Christian College	18
Jan. 15.	In Lexington	V. M. I., 28;	University of West Virginia	19
Jan. 18.	In Lexington	V. M. I., 42;	George Washington University	13
Jan. 22.	In Lexington	V. M. I., 38;	Richmond College	17
Jan. 29.	In Charlottesville	V. M. I., 20;	University of Virginia	39
Feb. 5.	In Lexington	V. M. I., 45;	William and Mary	18
Feb. 8.	In Lexington	V. M. I., 47;	Elon College	20
Feb. 10.	In Lexington	V. M. I., 34;	Trinity College	20
Feb. 12.	In Lexington	V. M. I., 23;	University of North Carolina	25
Feb. 17.	In Lexington	V. M. I., 22;	Wake Forest	40
Feb. 19.	In Lexington	V. M. I., 46;	North Carolina A. and M.	21
Feb. 26.	In Blacksburg	V. M. I., 25;	Virginia Polytechnic Institute	19
		440		271



Track Squad



TRACK



AND out of its ashes grew a phœnix—so says the ancient tale. We, of V. M. I., have never made the acquaintance of this mythological bird, but after the happenings on a certain day last Finals, many keydets swear that the gentleman who wrote the story told the truth, and that they place credit and belief in his narrative. And the conversion came about in this wise: running, the sport of Greece and Rome in their ancient glory, never has had a very solid foundation at the Institute. In days gone by—about the time our daddies were rats—V. M. I. had a sure-enough track team, one which won renown in all the meets and never failed to bring home the slab of pig.

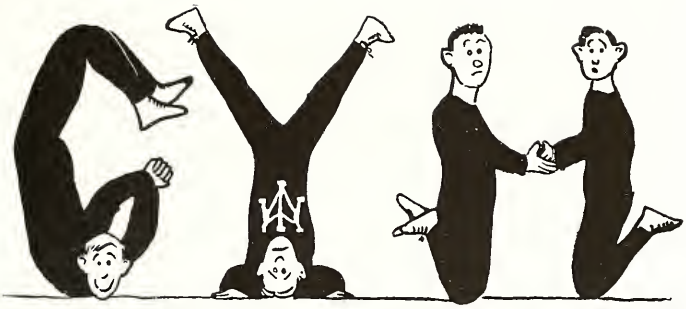
The lack of a track, cinder, board, or other, caused the death of this phœnix. Imagine, then, the surprise when Coach Gorton, holding an impromptu meet on the much-betrampled parade ground, uncovered one of the classiest bunch of sprinters, hurdlers, jumpers, discus, hammer, and long-distance men that ever trod on spikes! To see a man take a drag from a Piedmont, and five minutes later see him breaking the tape as if he had a sixty-mile gale behind him, a cinder track beneath him, and a furlough in front of him, was a startling revelation. And, kind reader, when a squad of out-of-condition, hay-loving keydets pull off a stunt like that, then the trick of the phœnix is crippy as unto the Liberal Arts course.

With the help of the 1915 Finals track meet, the pulling of strings "severial," and the keeping of the shoes of the Athletic Council well salivated, Hardin Massie created the eighth wonder of the world. He rolled, bullied, and b—ached the Council until he received permission for a meet with V. P. I. at Blacksburg, and a trip to University of Pennsylvania for participation in the annual contests held there. Massie is to be thanked and congratulated for having done more for track than any manager we have had yet.

The team's prospects are bright, and the material is good. We hate to brag, but with our manager handling the business end; Coach Gorton, the training and coaching; the messhall, the diet; and the keydets' legs, the running part, why, the team can not help but come out ahead. The combination is a winning one; and, furthermore, remember that a keydet always wears creases on a trip!



Gymnasium Team





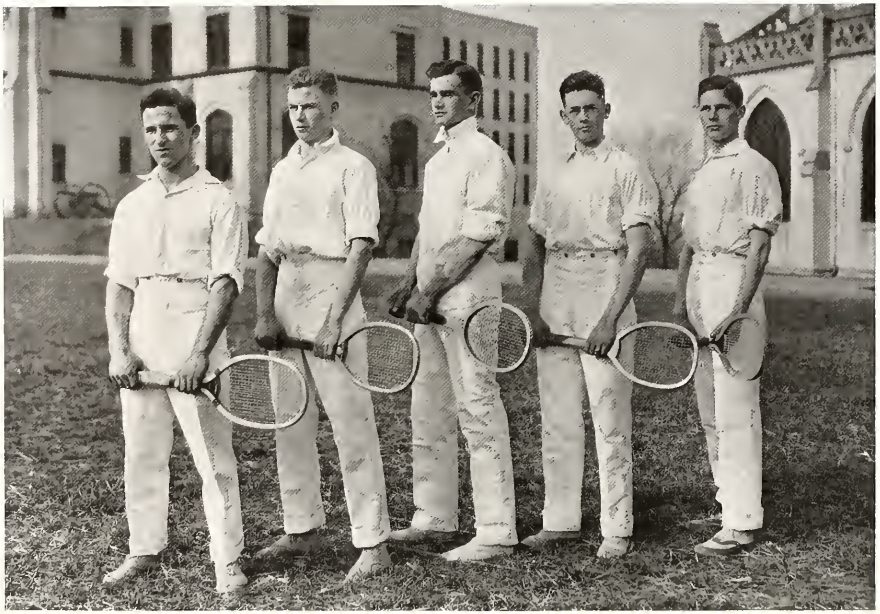
UE to a lack of meets the gym team is not as well known as it might be, but there are many men who take an absorbing interest in this branch of athletics, and two big exhibitions are held each year, in which the participants strive to outdo each other in deeds of daring and strength in order to win that coveted "V. M. I."

The first exhibition comes at government inspection and is rather quiet, but the second takes place at Finals when Lexington is filled with fair calic, and each man wishes to "show off" before some particularly beautiful young lady.

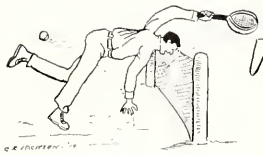
There is a fanfare of trumpets, the band strikes up a lively tune, and the team comes prancing in, chests expanded, muscles taut, and nerves tingling. First is the tumbling, followed by many intrepid feats on the horizontal and parallel bars, then enormous and intricate pyramids, and finally a thrilling exhibition on the flying rings. Next, in rapid but orderly succession, are boxing, wrestling, and fencing; and then, amidst thunderous applause, the team marches off the floor, each man glancing from the corner of his eye at a certain spot and wondering if his stunts have aided and strengthened his cause in Her estimation.



Captain Christian



Tennis Team



TENNIS

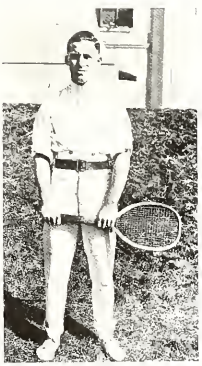


IT is a deplorable fact that the gentle sport of tennis has not been taken up with the gusto and vim so characteristic of the keydet in other branches of athletics. Perhaps it is because his nature delights in more ferocious pastimes, or still more likely because the first exploit of the team representing the Institute was somewhat unsuccessful.

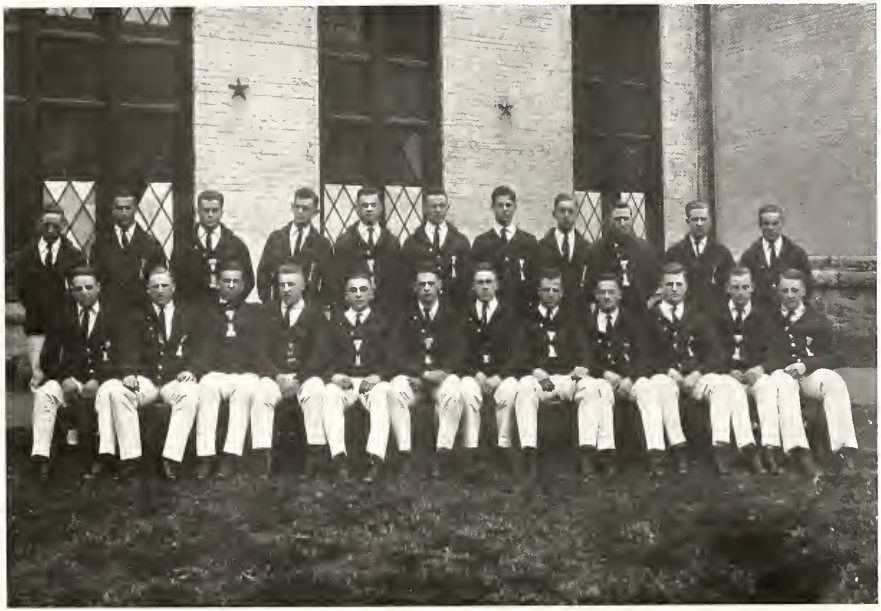
This year, however, an attempt will be made to establish tennis as a noticeable branch of athletics. Thus far requests for matches have been received from V. P. I., Catholic University, and Eastern College, and no doubt there will be several more to come.

All the members of last year's team, with the exception of Benners, are back and ready to go forth and do battle if they are but given the chance.

So when the trees once more blossom forth in their beautiful verdure, and the birds chirp merrily as they hop to and fro amongst the branches, numerous keydets will be seen wending their way to the courts, not going there solely for the pleasure, but also to endeavor to increase in efficiency so that V. M. I. may turn out a winning team.



Captain Fechheimer



Monogram Club



Monogram Club

Football

Nelms, '17, *Captain*
Goodman, '17
Massie, N., '16
Pitts, J., '16
Gray, '18
Cullom, '18
Heflin, '16
Hawkins, '18
Steele, '17
Cole, E., '17
Paul, '16
Marshall, P., '18
Bucher, '17
Snead, '16
Bertschey, '19
Holmes, '16, *Manager*

Baseball

Gillespie, '16, *Captain*
Pitts, L., '16
Pitts, J., '16
Bucher, '17
Hagan, J., '16
Marshall, P., '18
Hamlin, '17
Lohmeyer, '16, *Manager*

Basket-Ball

Pitts, J., '16, *Captain*
Lewis, W. B., '16
Marshall, P., '18
Rogers, '19
DeButts, '16, *Manager*

Track

Ayres, '16, *Captain*
Massie, N., '16, *Manager*

Gymnasium

Christian, '16, *Captain and Manager*

Tennis

Fechheimer, '16, *Captain*
Lewis, W. B., '16, *Manager*

Note.—The Monogram Club is composed of those men in barracks who have received a full monogram in any of the sports enumerated elsewhere in this volume, including the managers of the various teams.



Res Militaris

CLASS ATHLETICS



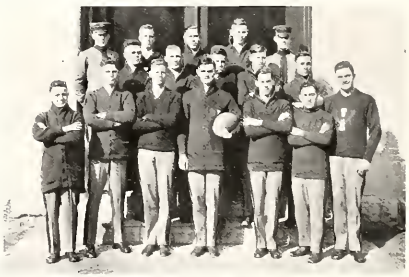
Class Football



AH, ye who love to have the blood in your veins tingle as before your eyes are enacted spectacles in which the lives of heroes are endangered, ye who in times of yore did gaze upon the battling gladiators, and ye who have witnessed the gory bull fight—think not that ye have been thrilled to the utmost! Nay, for ye have never seen a struggle between those mighty engines of superhuman activity, the various class elevens who strive savagely to exhibit their prowess in the game of football.

See them as they stride towards the field of battle, eyes alight, nostrils dilated, their perfect bodies throbbing with the vigor and strength of youth. Ye gods, what a sight! Yonder comes '16, led by that imperturbable pillar of muscle and brawn, Victor Reese Gillespie. Behind them, eager for the fray, '17 advances, guided by the mighty Mike Mills, whose very head doth light the way for his followers. And now appears '18 following their little Sammy Witt, who is scarcely perceptible, for his stature is not great, though upon his shoulders rests a magnificent mind, through whose wisdom and courage his tribe has gained many a victory. Last of the column come those who are termed Rats, sturdy and fleet, but a bit unsure, for they are as yet unlearned in the mysteries of all the rites.

The first of the noble bands to clash are '16 and '18. As they face each other on the field, the very earth seems to tremble to think of the thumps which it must endure. The whistle's shrill blast is heard, high into the air soars the prize, and the antagonists rush towards it. Fast and furious is the



First Class Team

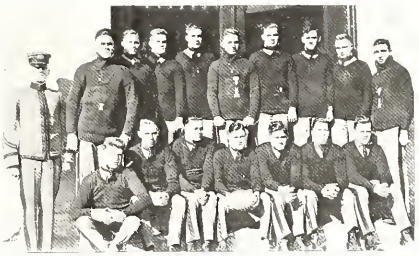


Second Class Team

fray. Lo, what is that close to the earth and speeding like the w i n d ? Zounds, 'tis little Sammy! But, see, there comes an- o t h e r—'tis Rock! Ah, could ducks but waddle as fast as he, what wonderful birds they would be! He seizes Sammy, grabs him by the scruff of the neck, and both are hidden in a cloud of dust. More terrible waxes the battle, but the gods are on the side of '18 and finally victory is theirs, as Taylor the Titan tears down the turf for a touch-down.

Now '17 and rats clash. The former show the knowledge that comes with experience, but they are too eager, and as they seek to grasp the prize their trembling fingers do let it slip away. See, it happens now. Ah me! A rat doth pounce upon it and bears it quickly away. The older warriors are vanquished.

Watch now the fiercest battle of them all. The two victors are about to meet. Look upon their terrible countenances. So glare the combatants that "hell grows darker at their frown." They come together and form a writhing pile. See, there sticks out an arm and there a leg. More brutal the conflict grows. The shouts of savage rage, the cries of pain, the grunts of wounded warriors commingle in one



Third Class Team

sound of indistinguishable strife. Long they fight, but neither can gain over the other. They weary, the action wanes. 'Tis enough: let them cease; to both give a portion of the victory. They depart from the arena, weary and dusty, and with lagging steps repair to their abodes to doff their armor and refresh themselves 'neath sparkling fountains.

The dames (for dames there were—their lords preferring the game of football to the more expensive diversion of driving) and lords wend their way homeward also. And, as they went, they talked of the various warriors. Said one, a fighter himself of days gone by: "Our Victor Reese did nobly to-day, but me thinks were it not for his trip to Roanoke, he had had more vim." And a fair dame speaks forth: "Was not the stately Son Read glorious, so handsome and so dashing?" So all remark on those whom they think were most distinguished. But those mentioned most were Rock the Redoubtable; Frazer the Fearless; Read the Radiant, of '16; Mills the Mighty; Hart the Hardy, of '17; Cutler the Courageous; Semmes the Sinewy; Taylor the Terrible, of '18; Roberdeau the Robust; Parsons the Peerless; Rogers the Rugged, of '19.



Fourth Class Team

Class Basket-Ball



First Class Team



THE result of the first game of the class series of championship games found Sixteen trailing. The Third Class, with a much more finished team, was able to lower First Class colors by a score of 22 to 14. To say that the game was snappy is putting it mildly. To the spectators it was a veritable entanglement of arms and legs, with the best man in the smash always on top. Sixteen shone in the latter style of play, and but for consideration on its part many casualties would have occurred.

The next game of the series saw the Rats victorious over the Second Class. This game was conspicuous for the lady-like deportment of both teams. As a whole, the exhibition was far below par as class games go. It was rumored that Steele made the remark that "he didn't wish to provoke the ire of the Rodents by seemingly rough play, and wished to avoid any familiarity that



Second Class Team



Third Class Team

might arise therefrom." All adverse criticism aside, however, both teams made a creditable showing; but it must be remembered that a class team must get "hard" if it hopes to get a favorable write-up.

The last game of the season was a spectacle worth remembering. It was not only a contest that catered to the Keydets' tastes, but it was so evenly played that there was considerable doubt as to the outcome until the last two or three minutes of play. Then Eighteen took a brace, and, by a succession of pretty tosses, cinched the game.

A mythical five, chosen from the four classes, might well be composed of these men: from Eighteen, Hock, right forward; Epes, center; Hawkins, right guard; from Nineteen, Ewing, left forward; from Sixteen, McKay, left guard. The season was a decided success, but it is suggested that, should the class games be played prior to the Varsity season, much valuable material would come to light.



Fourth Class Team

Class Baseball



DESPITE the fact that the class baseball season was ushered in later than usual last spring, and the fact that exams, the Richmond trip, Calic, Finals, and Meyer-Davis were whirling madly in the brains of all concerned, yet the games were the best ever pulled off in a class series. Piggy's "laboratory" and Tommy's field work kept a lot of would-be Cobbs and Wagners off the Hill a big part of the time, but in spite of this the games were regular tooth, eye, and toenail affairs, and each one except the last required extra innings to decide the outcome. Around the whole circuit the teams were about evenly balanced, and, though there were no fence busters in evidence, the teams more than made up for this in the other department, pulling off circus fielding stunts which would make Connie Mack dive after his contract book.

The first game took place between the mean Third Class and the lowly rats. 'Twas a glorious fight, the Third Classmen finally winning 2 to 1 over their brother rats in eleven innings. "Rat" Pendleton and Bob Lewis were the opposing slabmen and pitched good ball, while "Snout" Harris did the heavy work in the field for the rats. Weary Willie Michaux, Bob Harper,



Second Class Team
Champions, 1915

and Mike Mills carried the day for Seventeen, putting up an article of ball that would make you leave your favorite knot hole at the World Series to witness.

The game between the Second and First Classes required ten innings, The First Class winning by a 4 to 3 score, after the Second Class apparently had the game on ice. Sixteen got a one-run lead in the ninth inning, which Fifteen overcame when Sixteen started in to train for tiddledywinks. Jap Millner and "Smackmadam" Massie did the twirling, serving up all sorts of floaters and spitters, and returning many by the whiff route. 'Tis said that Stateship Jones played seven positions and Tom Holtzman furnished the noise for the other eleven and the umpire.

The victory-crowned champs of the previous season struck a snag in all departments here, from which they never succeeded in extracting their pants, and Seventeen ran away with the game by a flying start. Owing to lack of time the rest of the schedule was abandoned, so outside of Seventeen the positions of the other teams were undetermined. The class games so far outstripped the Varsity that it has been suggested that they switch places for the coming season; but, of course, we are too modest in the Class League to acknowledge this except among ourselves.

Since the teams were so evenly matched, it would be hard to pick a winner for this year, but most of them are still intact, and surely Sixteen can not but be in the van with Handsome Harry DeButts, Teddy Bear Heflin, and Flop Amory on deck; Seventeen retains John Pender, Champe Clarke, and Jim Driscoll; of diamond dusters Eighteen still has Snout Harris, Corporal Austin, and Gwendolyn Miller; and Nineteen, from all reports, should put out a team worthy of competition with the others.



Feeding Time at the Zoo



Corps i



Final Bal



E Crater



CTICE, 1915



Tennis Tournament and Track Meet, 1915



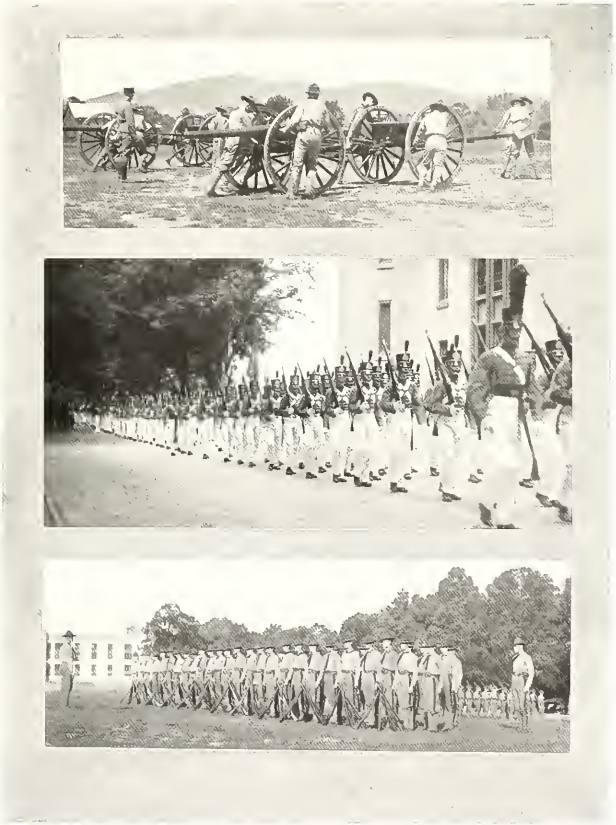
1915 Finals' Track Meet



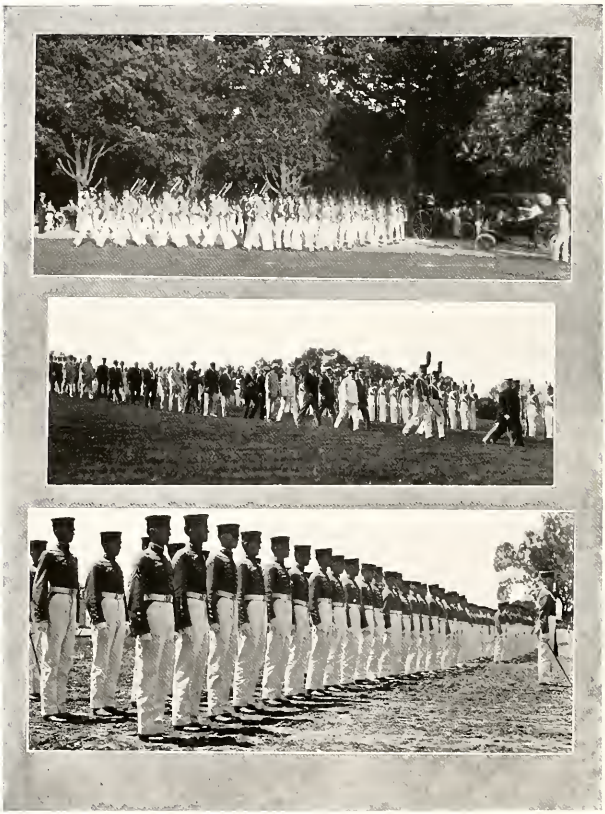




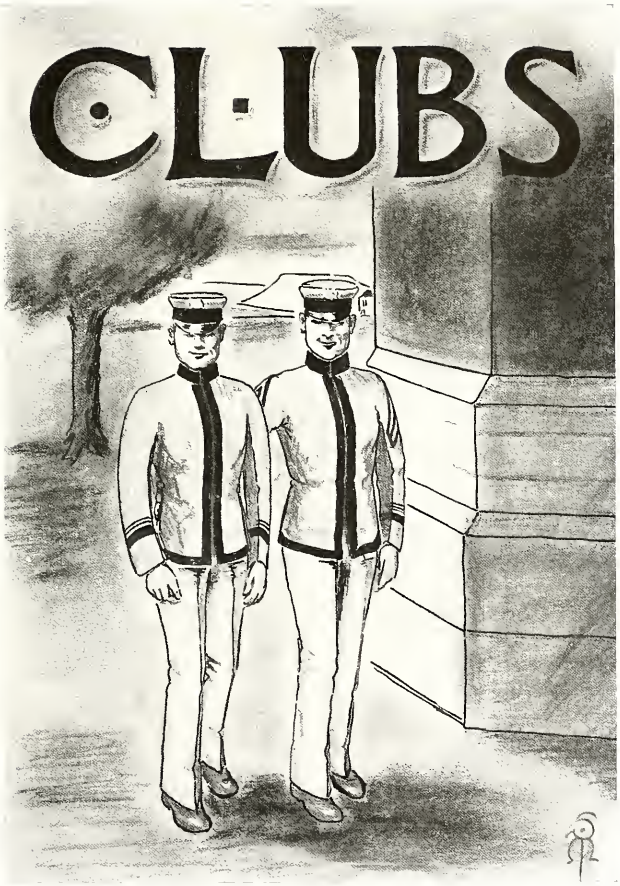
1915 Finals' Track Meet



Finals' Scenes



Finals' Scenes


CLUBS



Y.M.C.A.

Officers

F. E. ZEA.....President
S. C. CUMMING.....Vice-President
P. J. MARSHALL.....Secretary and Treasurer

The Young Men's Christian Association was introduced at the Virginia Military Institute in 1883. The military school has greater difficulties to surmount in carrying on an association successfully than perhaps any other kind of institution, because of the more arduous and more exacting duties required of its students. However, in spite of the drawbacks incident to military life, the Association has progressed, increasing in usefulness year by year.

During the present year much has been accomplished. Meetings have been held regularly on Sunday nights, and classes have been organized for Bible study. During the fall the association sent delegates to the State Convention of Associations at Richmond, where, through the help and coöperation gained at such gatherings, many excellent ideas were brought back and are being put into practice. The Association is now on the lookout for a permanent official to take charge of its affairs, as is done at other large schools, and thus more than ever increase the activity and influence of the Y. M. C. A. among cadets.

Colonel Kerlin is the one who is most to be thanked for the growth and improvement of the society. Since his arrival at the Institute he has taken great interest in its affairs, and has put through many excellent plans which have been beneficial to cadets and to the Institute.

Inter-Collegiate Debate Council

M. G. MUNCE Chairman

C. J. Collins
J. M. Mettenheimer
A. Durant
P. C. Geyer

Literary societies and debating have again come in to prominence at the Institute. Beside the reorganization at the beginning of 1915 of the old society into two societies, it was deemed wise to establish a council which should arrange for inter-collegiate debates and attend to all literary society matters outside the Institute.

The council has done much to increase the activities of literary work at the Institute. Debates have been arranged with colleges, both in Virginia and outside the State, plans have been worked out for next year's circuit, and negotiations are being carried on with respect to placing the societies in one of the large literary fraternities.



The Episcopal Church Club

REV. OSCAR DeWOLFE RANDOLPH.....Rector

Vestry

Ayres
Massie, N.
Karow
Whittle
Marshall, P.
Bertschey
Wills

THE BOMB

Editor's Note.—The three clubs mentioned in the following order are shown as they were before being abolished.

HEADQUARTERS,

Virginia Military Institute,
September 18, 1915.

General Order.

No. 4.

The following resolution, adopted by the Board of Visitors at their meeting held at the Virginia Military Institute in June, 1915, is published for the information and guidance of all concerned:

"*Resolved*, That the Board considers the existence of the Nuggetteer, Tangi Meli, and Ticquo, so-called social clubs, as in contravention of the Institute relating to good order and discipline, and directs that the Superintendent take such action as will forbid their existence, and that of similar organizations."

In compliance with this order of the Board, the existence of the above-named societies and the formation of others of similar character is forbidden.

By command of Brigadier-General Nichols.

(Signed) G. A. Derbyshire,
Captain and Adjutant, V. M. I.



The Nuggetteer Club

The Nuggetteer Club

Officers

D. A. DeGRAFF.....President
G. M. SNEAD.....Vice-President
J. M. McCLELLAN.....Secretary
C. C. VAUGHAN, III.....Treasurer
H. P. MASON.....Sergeant-at-Arms

Members

Adkins, F. D
Brown, E. C.
Clarke, F. W.
Cullom, C. B.
DeGraff, D. A.
Gray, H. P.
Harris, J. R.
Lawson, J. S.
Leggett, W. B.
Lewis, R. G.
Marshall, P. J.
Mason, H. P.
McClellan, J. M
Michaux, E. R.
Nash, C. P
Nelms, J. A.
Peeler, R. McC.
Rogers, W. W.
Saunders, C. J.
Snead, G. M
Taylor, J. H.
Vaughan, C. C
Walker, R.
Witt, S. B.
Wills, W. B.
Whittle, W. M.



The Tangi Meli Club



The Tangi Meli Club

Officers

V. R. GILLESPIE.....President
O. B. BUCHER.....Vice-President
C. J. COLLINS.....Secretary
W. B. LEWIS, JR.....Treasurer
H. A. DeBUTTS.....Corresponding Secretary

Members

Addison
Amory
Bucher
Cole, E.
Cole, H.
Collins
Curtis, D.
Davis
DeButts
Duncan
Durant
Gillespie
Goodman
Griffith
Hagan
Hamlin
Hix
James, R.
Lewis, W. B., Jr.
Lohmeyer
McCormick
Massie, N.
Miller, J.
Munce
Potts, L.
Robinson
Steele
Taylor, J
Towers



The Ticquo Club



The Ticquo Club

Officers

H. M. READ.....President
S. W. NOELL.....Vice-President
R. H. WARREN, JR.....Secretary and Treasurer
J. C. SANSBERRY.....Sergeant-at-Arms

Members

J. T. Badham
S. L. Bertschey
W. B. Bradford
M. H. Christian
F. H. M. Etheridge
L. Foy
C. Groover
J. S. Hart
R. P. James
G. Karow
C. S. Luck, Jr.
B. J. Millner
M. R. Mills
S. W. Noell
J. G. Paul
J. R. Pender
J. L. Pitts
H. M. Read
D. E. Rheutan
D. L. Ripley
H. L. Roberdeau
P. W. Root
J. C. Sansberry
L. C. Shepherd
J. J. Sullivan
J. H. Wake

R. H. Warren



The Cadet Literary Society

The Cadet Literary Society

C. J. COLLINS.....President

H. P. MASON.....Vice-President

J. M. METTENHEIMER.....Secretary-Treasurer

C. C. CHAPIN.....Parliamentarian

C. CUMMING.....Sergeant-at-Arms

Colors: Green and Gold

Motto: *"Veritas vincit"*



The Dialectic Society

THE BOMB

The Dialectic Society

A. DURANT.....President

E. C. PORTER.....Vice-President

G. WHITE.....Secretary-Treasurer

G. KAROW.....Parliamentarian

M. G. MUNCE.....Sergeant-at-Arms

Colors: Red and Black

Motto: *"Je suis prêt"*



The Mandolin Club

The Mandolin Club

G. KAROW Leader

H. A. DeBUTTS Manager

MANDOLINS

H. M. Read — N. Old — B. Goodman

C. B. Thomas — C. Jeffries

VIOLIN — **UKULELE** — **BANJO**

G. Karow — G. Blow — J. Taylor

GUITARS

G. White — F. Robinson — J. H. Fechheimer

Texas Club



Officers

H. M. READ.....President
J. S. HART.....Vice-President
R. G. LEWIS.....Secretary and Treasurer

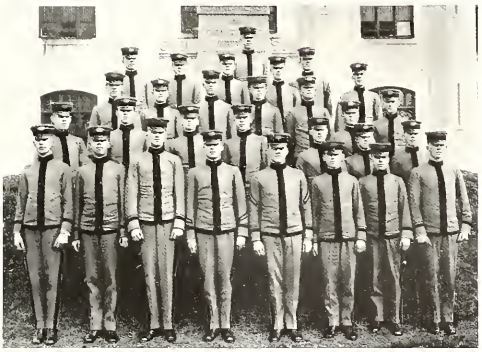
Members

Barnard
Bancroft, O.
Cantrell
Doom
Edwards
Fields
Gaillard
Jernigan
Keith
Lewis, Y.
Mantor
Mettenheimer
McCauley
Morrison, F.
Parsons, A.
Roberdeau
Ripley
Thompson
West
Watson

Richmond Club

Officers

J. M. McCLELLAN.....President
M. R. MILLS.....Vice-President
H. P. GRAY.....Secretary and Treasurer



Members

Addison
Adkins
Armistead, F.
Bauer
Burton
Carneal
Cary
Chapin, C.
Chapin, W.
Fairlamb
Guest
Hagan
Huntt
Ingram
James, R. P.
Kellogg
Lafferty, E. R.
Lamb
Loth
Moncure
Morrison, H. T.
Munce
Munson
Neale
Owens
Potts, J. D.
Potts, T. R.
Rheutan
Rothert
Saunders
Scott
Smith, A.
Swift
Tucker, C. M.
Ware
Watkins
Williams, J.
Witt



Peninsula Club

Officers

H. B. HOLMES, JR. President
H. P. MASON, JR. Vice-President
S. C. CUMMING Secretary



Members

S. L. Bertschey
H. A. Campbell, Jr.
W. E. Cheyne
C. C. Curtis
C. D. Curtis
A. R. Gatewood
J. N. D. Gillet
J. A. Nelms
J. Jenkins
B. W. L. Semmes
A. R. Stuart
R. Walker
J. S. Whiting



Southwest Virginia Club

Officers

V. R. GILLESPIE..... — PRESIDENT
J. H. FUGATE..... VICE-PRESIDENT
P. H. DUNCAN..... SECRETARY AND TREASURER

MOTTO: "We never refuse"



Members

BLAIR	ENGLEBY	HALEY, E.	LOCKHART	PARSONS, J.
CALDWELL	FUGATE	HOCK	MARTIN, F.	PAUL
DEW	GILLESPIE	JENKINS, E	NOELL, W.	SANDERS
DUNCAN				WILLIAMSON



Norfolk Club

Officers

C. H. HIX.....President
B. GOODMAN.....Vice-President
J. E. COLE.....Secretary and Treasurer

Wharf Rats

Armistead, M.
Nelson
Cole, E.
Bucher
Sheppard, L.
Robinson
Willcox
Goodman, B.
Cole, H.
Hix
Jones, G.
Butler, P.
Porter
Schlegel
Boykin, M.
Old
Eastwood
Jeffries
Taylor, H.
Belazza
Friedman
Marr

Ex-Wharf Rats

Colonel "Ducky" Watts
Colonel "Tommy" Jones
Colonel "Harry" Hodges

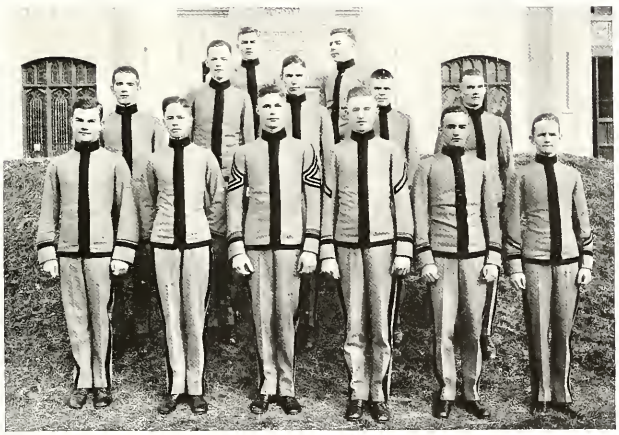
Special Mention

Captain "P. I." Gayle

North Carolina Club

Officers

W. B. LEWIS.....President
J. R. PENDER.....Vice-President
C. B. MILLER.....Secretary and Treasurer



Members

Branch
Grantham
Harney
Michaux
Michie
Reilley
Taylor, F.
Wimberly
Willoughby
Randolph



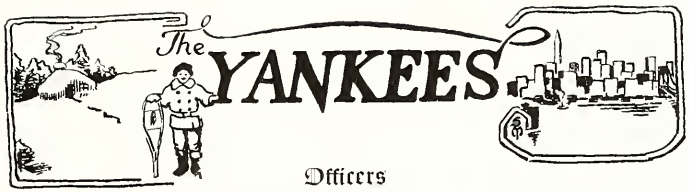
The Roller Club

Officers

McCORMICK, O. L.....President
FRASER, D. D.....Vice-President
MASON, H. P.....Secretary
NELMS, J. A.....Treasurer

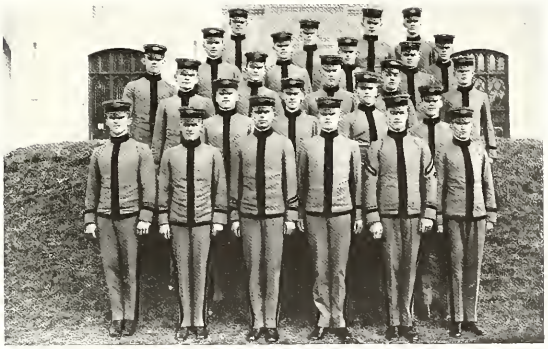
Members

Amory
Bulkley
Curtis, C.
Curtis, D.
Fraser
Haley
Hancock
Hughes, G.
Hughes, J.
James
Lewis
McCormick
McCabe
Mason
Nelms
Potts
Ransom
Robertson
Stuart
Willoughby



Officers

C. M. FETTEROLF, New Jersey President
J. TAYLOR, New Jersey Vice-President
J. McANERNEY, New York Secretary and Treasurer



Members

'16

Amory, T. D. Delaware
Brewster, J. E. New York
DeGraff, D. A. New York
Seaman, E. C. Pennsylvania

'17

Bancroft, J. T. New York
Brown, C. H. New York
Bulkley, E. A. New York
Fetterolf, C. M. New Jersey
Hamlin, J. T. New York
Leggett, W. B. New Jersey
McAnerney, J. New York
Smith, J. K. Massachusetts

'18

Campbell, A. H. Ohio
Church, J. F. Ohio
Cutler, S. New York
Goodman, W. G. Illinois
Gould, W. T., Jr. New York
Harrison, W. Minnesota
Rising, J. D. Illinois
Shepherd, G. F. Pennsylvania
Stucrke, A. F. New York
Taylor, J. New Jersey

'19

Boynton, P. W. New York
Rapkin, E. S. New Jersey
Scriven, E. B. Minnesota
Webb, H. H. New York
Wiercm, R. F. New Jersey

The Lynchburg Club

Officers

G. M. SNEAD.....President
A. H. RICH.....Vice-President
S. W. NOELL.....Secretary and Treasurer



Members

Casey
Careter
Hancock
Hughes, G. W.
Hughes, J. B.
Kyle
Noell, S.
Rich
Robertson
Snead
Sullivan
Terrell
Wills

THE BOMB



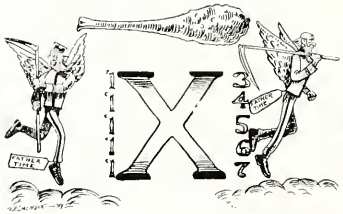
The
Greater West Virginia Colliery Company
and Coal and Coke Corporation, Limited

COALBURG, W. VA.

(Also Agents for Oil and Gas)

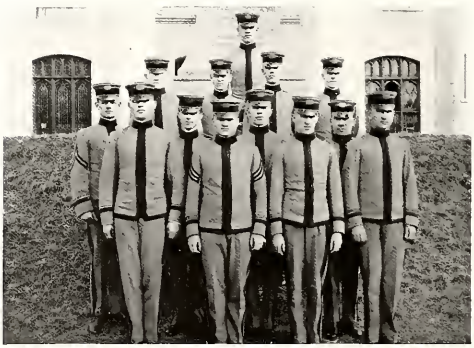
MINE NO. 11

ANTHRACITE LOHMEYER MINE SUPERINTENDENT
BITUMINOUS NASH BANK BOSS
SEMI-BITUMINOUS RUFFNER TIPPLE FOREMAN
LIGNITE HAWKINS COMPANY STOREKEEPER
CANNEL CHAMPE MULE DRIVER
PETROLEUM STEVENSON CHIEF COAL DIGGER
BY-PRODUCT MILLER WALKING DELEGATE
(Representative United Mine Workers' Association)



Officers

"MUTT" LOTH, ex-'13, ex-'14 President
"FLOP" AMORY, ex-'14, ex-'15 Vice-President
"WOP" FETTEROLF, ex-16 Secretary and Treasurer
"BULL RAT" JOHN Mascot



Members

"Buddy" McCormick ex-'14
"Japix" Chapin ex-'15
"Hard Luck P." Christian ex-'15
"Funk" Cumming ex-'15, ex-'16
"Ike" DeGraff ex-'15
"Addie" Hagan ex-'15
"Watso" Hyland ex-'15
"Smackmadam" Massie ex-'15
"Jim" Taylor ex-'15
"Bunny" Vaughan ex-'15
"Tom" Beasley ex-'16
"Mose" Goodman ex-'16
"Bill" Leggett ex-'16
"Bull Pig" Ward ex-'16
"George" White ex-'16
"Booze" Whittle ex-'16
"Freddie" Adkins ex-'17
"Shorty" Nelson ex-'17
"Peter" Perkinson ex-'17
"Tom" Potts ex-'17
"Les" Thornton ex-'17

THE BOMB



Post Xchange, Glee and Dramatic Club

Officers

DURANT	*"Monk"*	President
BROWN	*"Bruin"*	Vice-President
GOODMAN	*"Mose"*	Treasurer
ADKINS	*"Dynamite"*	Secretary
LAWSON	*"Shaky"*	Advertising Manager
DAVIS	*"Rodelee"*	Stage Manager
GEYER	*"Pete"*	Director and Composer
SHEPHERD	*"Shep"*	Mascot
PATTERSON	*"Pat"*	Keeper of the Dischords
JEFFRIES	*"Lightning"*	Tune Pitcher
CARNEAL	*"Corn"*	Carrier of the Dischords
WHITE	*"George"*	Hominy-Solowest

In Glee

By-word: "Have a little one? Make it a biggun."
Colors: Chocolate Brown and Vanilla Light Yellow.
Favorite Song: "Floating Down the Old Green River."
Favorite Keys: Major Sharp, Col. Flat, and Minor Tactics.
Utensils: Scales and ($) notes
Motto: "We live to eat."
Honorary Member: Homitz's Canine.



BOWLEGGED CLUB

Officers

"ARCHIE" NELMS PRESIDENT
"BOB" WARREN VICE-PRESIDENT
"MISTER" DILLON SECRETARY
"MISTER" GAMBLE TREASURER



Members

From left to right (a pair at a time)

SNEAD
CHRISTIAN
NELMS
SAUNDERS
WARREN
DILLON
HART
GAMBLE
BAGBY
BROWN, C.
LAKE



LOWER ROAD SQUAD

COLORS: Black and Yellow
FAVORITE FLOWER: Rubber Plant
FAVORITE FRUIT: Potassium Pomegranate
FAVORITE SAYING: "Has the O. C. inspected?"

Officers

"GONNI" GROOVER SQUAD LEADER
"KIKE" DEGRAFF BIG DOG
"HARD LUCK P." CHRISTIAN PROGRESSIVE PUP
"HIPPY" SAUNDERS HOLDER-UP OF BABY CARRIAGE
"PETE" GEYER "WHO MIGHT THE REGULAR BE?"
"PIE" DREWRY LONE WOLF
"SHAKY" LAWSON BUENY REPRESENTATIVE

Members*

BURACKER, S.†	FETTEROLF	HARRIS	HART
CHAMPE‡	GOODMAN†	HAWKINS‡	OLD

Members Emeritus

PITTS, L. READ WARREN

Horrible Examples

SNEAD VAUGHAN

Frater in Facultate

CAPTAIN "B. V. D." MAYO

*More names supplied on request.
†Retired.
‡Ejected.

DELETED BY CENSOR

THE BOMB

Love at the Hops

We sat beneath the old Guard Tree;
 The faint sound of the band
Came drifting to us from afar;
 He gently held my—scarf.

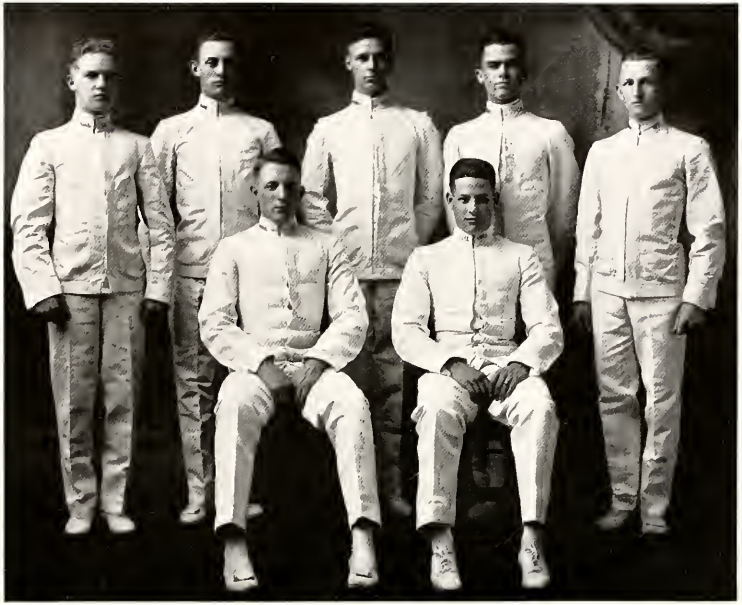
No moonbeam found our dark retreat,
 None stole upon our bliss;
We looked into each other's eyes,
 And sometimes we would—talk.

Anon the wind blew keen and cold,
 And chilled our corner warm;
But he, with kindly tenderness,
 Would fold me with his—cape.

We talked and talked of everything—
 Of hope and love and life;
And that last night he asked me if
 I'd be his little—sister.



The Hops



Hop Committee

THE BOMB

The Cotillion Club

Officers

GEO M. SNEAD.....President
D. A. DeGRAFF.....Vice-President

Hop Committee

FIRST CLASS: J. G. Paul, *Chairman;*
R. H. Warren, M. H. Christian, J. M. McClellan
SECOND CLASS: E. C. Brown
THIRD CLASS: P. J. Marshall
FOURTH CLASS: W. G. Wills

Members

Ayres
Alverson
Austin
Atkins
Armistead
Burks
Brown, E. C.
Brewster
Brown, C. H.
Bucher
Bulkley
Bagby
Bradford
Blair
Geyer
Gillespie
Groover
Goodman
Hyland
Holmes
Hix
Hamlin
Hart
Herman
Huntt
Hicks
Hock
Millner
McClellan
McCormick
Mills
Munce
Mason
Michaux
Marshall
Mettenheimer
Miller, C. B.
Marshall, J.
Nash
Ripley
Rothert
Ransome
Robinson
Sansberry
Saunders
Semmes
Sebrell
Christian
Chapin
Collins
Cole, E.
Cummings
Clark
Carneal
Cantrell
Curtis, D.
Campbell, H. A.
DeButts
Durant
Eastwood
Fetterolf
Hawkins
Jones
Jeffries
Karow
Loth
Lyne
Lewis, W. B.
Lawson
Leggett
Lamb
Lafferty
Miller, J. C.
Moore, R.
Morris
Massie, N. H.
Noell
Nelson
Old
Paul
Pitts, J.
Porter
Pendleton
Perkinson
Pender
Potts
Patterson
Read
Rich
Rheutan
Robinson
Tynes
Thornton
Thomas
Vaughan
Warren
Whittle



During Finals



The Hops

Excerpt from the Letter of a Girl to Her Friend

(Uncensored)



HAT must have been horrid, Margaret, but I have something much different to tell *you*. I have just been to the V. M. I. dances, and do you know that I have danced so much and giggled so much and had such a scrumptiously good time that I just hardly know how to start.

The exciting part began when we reached a window on the stairs leading to the gymnasium. George was peeved because we were about a half hour late (so he said, but men are such awful liars), but that never prevented me from enjoying the view of that gym. My dear, it was simply gorgeous! The gray, and white, and gold, and pink, and mauve, and all the colors I ever saw were intermingled just like in a great, big kladeiscope (is this spelled right?), only *it* hasn't any music. But as I stepped on the floor a tall keydet (that's what everybody calls them), with a face just like my lap poodle, barked, "How, but she's a cat's ankle, just as keen! Somebody put me next." Perhaps he didn't think I would hear, but I was making up my mind not to speak to him, even if we were introduced, for calling me such a horrid name.



Then the fun really did commence. When a whistle 'way down the floor blew, I changed partners so fast that I almost contracted brain fag trying to remember them for future reference. Every one was so nice to me, and said such nice things, and danced so well, that if it hadn't been for the chaperons (and they were sweet, too) I believe I would have kissed every keydet that broke!



I remember one particularly because he did the Jitney Glide divinely and was so handsome. When I asked him where he got that attractive pink complexion, he said, "In Upperville," and I was about to tell him that I had quit wearing teething rings and had put my hair up a year ago, and ask him why he wanted to string me (I had never heard of Upperville) when the gloomiest keydet broke. I asked him if he had lost a relative in the war, and he said, no, but Ikie and he had to spend Saturday in the guard's house or something. He introduced me to a tall keydet that had one eye tied up (I think football players are just grand!), but he had such an adorable way of rolling the other when he danced. He said, "Do you like hops?" and I was about to tell him that he was no gentleman when it occurred to me that that wasn't what he meant at all.

All during the dance my joy barometer was just going up in bounds, and just when it was about to "bust" out the top, a bugle blew, the keydets yelled, Rah, Rah, Calic, and the dance was over. I was so mad that I could have cried, but George reminded me of the Saturday dance, and he looked so sweet in his white uniform that I just had to smile.

On Saturday George took me driving and we saw House Mountain, and I stood with all the other girls while he went to inspection (I think it was inspection or reveille, one). They were all dressed up and marched around, and a man with a red stripe on his trousers and a sword sang a hymn and then searched them for something (the ones they called Boy Scouts, at least). Afterwards we went to the messy hall and "saw the animals feed," and it was weird but fascinating. We went to the Dutch Tavern for supper, and of course George and I had to fall out for awhile. He accused me of flirting! When a man is interesting and cute, even if he does wear glasses, wouldn't you treat him a *little* better than you absolutely had to? Besides, I felt sorry for him, because he has to stay up all night to write things for the Shrapnel, or whatever they call it. Anyway, George and I made up.

The last dance was like the first, only better, and I felt as if everybody was my best and oldest friend. I wore my new dress (you know, the one of rose-tinged tulle over rose taffeta, with a blue ribbon over one shoulder, just

like the Lucille gown that Edna Mayo wore in the last movie we saw together), and I know I made a hit, but still the other girls were rushed a lot, too, so I suppose it's a tradition or custom or something that girls shall have a good time at V. M. I. (provided one doesn't believe but about one millionth of what those outrageous flirts say)!

They danced to the V. M. I. songs, and every one sang the words as loud as they could; and they had Leap Year dances, when the girls had to break the men. Of course, I had to make a mistake, and he stepped on my foot, and we tripped, and he said, "Dobbers up," just like it was my fault, and then suggested that we go out and see a statue.

Everything else was glorious, though, and just when I was bubbling over with happiness, that odious bugle blew again, and I just felt that the bottom was dropping out of things, and—oh! I almost forgot—George has asked me up for Finals when they have figures and parade all the time and dance all night and—oh! it's just too *wonderful* to talk about!



THE BOMB



Miss Clifton Fox
VIRGINIA
Leader

Miss Gladys Lynn
VIRGINIA
Assistant Leader



THE BOMB

Final German

GEO. M. SNEAD..... Leader
D. A. DeGRAFF..... Assistant Leader

Marshals

Amory
Ayres
Bradford
Brewster
Burks
Chapin
Christian
Collins
DeButts
Dillard
Durant
Duncan
Geyer
Gillespie
Groover
Hagan
Hix
Holmes
Hyland
Karow
Lewis, W. B.
Lohmeyer
Lyne
Loth
Massie
Millner
Miller, J. C.
Moore, R.
Morris
McClellan
McCormick
McKay
Old
Paul
Pitts, J.
Read
Rich
Sansberry
Thomas
Tynes
Vaughan
Warren
Zea

THE BOMB



Miss Margaret Ashe
TENNESSEE
Leader



Miss Virginia Mason
VIRGINIA
Assistant Leader

THE BOMB

Final Ball

ERNEST C. BROWN.....Leader
CARLTON J. SAUNDERS.....Assistant Leader

Marshals

Bancroft, J. T.
Beasley, T. H.
Blow, Geo. W.
Boykin, M. W.
Brown, C. H.
Brown, E. C.
Bucher, O. B.
Bulkley, E. A.
Campbell, H. A., Jr.
Chapin, W. E
Clarke, F. W.
Cole, J. E.
Cumming, C.
Dillard, J. W.
Driscoll, M. G.
Echols, C. L.
Etheridge, F. H.
Fetterolf, C. M
Frary, R. W.
Goodman, B.
Goodwin, W. R.
Hamlin, J. T.
Hart, J. S.
Hughes, J. B.
Lafferty, F. R.
Lawson, W S.
Leggett, W. B.
Lockhart, G. B.
Martin, C. A.
Mason, H. M.
Michaux, E. R.
Mills, M. R.
Morrison, F. L.
Munce, M. G.
McDowell, J.
McGiffert, F. Y
Nash, C. P.
Nelms, J. A.
Neale, L., Jr.
Noell, S. W
Pendleton, R S.
Pender, J. R.
Porcher, F. D.
Porter, E. C.
Rheutan, D. E.
Ring, J. K.
Robinson, F. S.
Ruffner, D. L.
Saunders, C. J.
Schlegel, F. E.
Sebrell, R. G
Shepherd, L. C.
Squire, J. W.
Steele, M. W.
Stevenson, M. H
Tinsley, G. C.
Walker, R.
Ward, J. G.
White, B. H.
White, G. W.
Whiting, T. S.
Whittle, W. M.
Wilson, N. F., Jr.

Opening Hops



Miss Hilda Hawkins
VIRGINIA
Sponsor for First Hop



Miss Virginia Mason
VIRGINIA
Sponsor for Second Hop

THE BOMB

Thanksgiving Hops



Miss Frances Carrington
VIRGINIA
Sponsor for First Hop



Miss Lucy Dabney Hix
VIRGINIA
Sponsor for Second Hop

THE BOMB

Christmas Hops



Miss Elizabeth Lockridge
VIRGINIA
Sponsor for First Hop



Miss Dorothy Courtney
VIRGINIA
Sponsor for Second Hop

THE BOMB

February Hops



Miss Eutha Jane Young
West Virginia
Sponsor for First Hop



Miss Virginia Wilson Moore
Virginia
Sponsor for Second Hop

THE BOMB

First Class Banquet

FEBRUARY 22, 1916

Class of 1916

VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE

LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA

Class Officers

V. R. GILLESPIE.....PRESIDENT
L. PITTS.....VICE-PRESIDENT
H. M. READ.....HISTORIAN

Toasts

TOASTMASTER, V. R. GILLESPIE

The Class.....V. R. GILLESPIE
Ex-'16.....J. G. PAUL
Athletics.....W. LOHMEYER
Calic.....H. M. READ
Officers.....G. KAROW
Privates.....H. B. HOLMES
Faculty and Subs.....A. DURANT
Running the Black.....P. C. GEYER
Class Prophecy.....C. J. COLLINS

Menu

HORS D'ŒVRES
OYSTER COCKTAIL
ROAST TURKEY
SWEETBREADS WITH PEAS

POTATOES AU GRATIN — ASPARAGUS TIPS

CORN PUDDING
GRAPEFRUIT SALAD

VANILLA ICE-CREAM, WITH HOT MAPLE OR CHOCOLATE SAUCE — ASSORTED CAKES

BLACK COFFEE (DEMI TASSE)

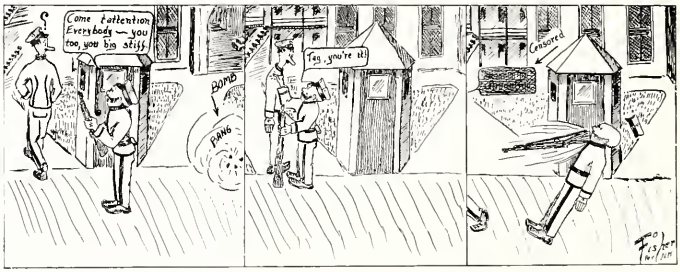
ROQUEFORT CHEESE — TOASTED BENZ CRACKERS
CIGARS — CIGARETTES

GRAPE JUICE

In Lighter Vein



"RAISING CAIN!"



Editor's Note.—For the benefit of those who doubt our veracity we would state that the following is a certified reproduction of the sample of epistles our young Stebbins receives from his feminine admirers.

My dear frind

i Will drop you A Line this Lomeson night as i am thinking of you.

i Look for you all day But you i didin See.

Why did you Send me that pixture off your you promase me.[1]

i am going to Have Some takin this week if we Have perrty weather i gess you Have forgoten me Havin you i Hop you Havin.[2]

My Mother Came Home Last Sunday.

When are you coming down. Let me Know and i will Look for you

. . . i Wish i Was With you What A time we Wode Have Ha,—Ha.

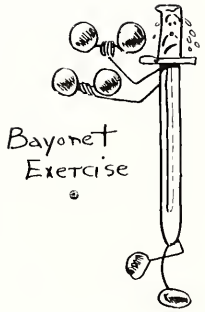
give Saunders[3] my Best Regards and Love. Well doll Baby[4] i Will cease. Hoppin to Hear from you Soon and A Long Letter.

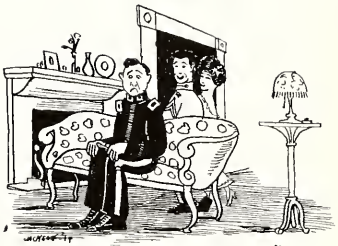
.[5]

[1] No, we don't quite get this either.
[2] This is also a wee bit involved, don't you think?
[3] See, you can horse "Hippy," too.
[4] Stebbins certainly has a way with the women!
[5] It hurts us worse than it does you to censor this part

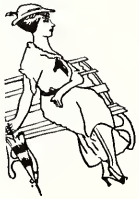


College Life





"COMPANY LEFT!"

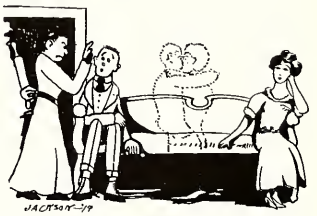




"DRESS UP ON
THE LEFT!"



"SLIPPERY DIKE."



"AS YOU WERE!"

Heard at V. M. I.

THE BOMB

P. I. (trying to get sulphur matches by process of elimination): What is it that you use every day and I don't?

The Wop (in a flash of inspiration): Oh, soap?

J. Craig Miller (saying alphabet): u, v, w, r, s, t, l, x, y, z—If that ain't right I'm a liar.

First Cadet: Is she fast?

Second Ditto: Is she? Gosh, she covered five laps in two hours last night.

Booze Whittle: Abrasion is—abrasion is, oh, I know, Cap'n, abrasion is what a cow does when she brazes.

Dee George Snead: Colonel, I don't think I deserved a flat zero on that last paper.

Chappie (sweetly): Neither do I, Mr. Snead, but that is as low as the regulations permit me to mark.

A TRAGEDY IN TWO QUATRAINS

The First Class Officer in dismay
Quoth: "To-morrow is a holiday."
The First Class Private sang this lay:
"I guess that means we'll get no hay."

They gazed upon a slip, you see,
And this is what they said to me—
The F. C. P.: "O D—, O. G."
The F. C. O.: "O G—, O. D."

Venus Miller: Say, Kink, what is a good word to use when you want to compliment a Calic without just saying she's keen?

Kink: Why, John Craig, "obnoxious" is a good word in that case.

Venus (with a killing glance at the Calic during an intermission): Do you know, you're so sweet, you're positively obnoxious!

Harry: Mr. Groover, what is the command to start a squad at quick time?

Gonny: DOUBLE TIME, MARCH!

THE BOMB

Sherlock Holmes to Murphy Fechheimer (who is on way to G. M. with hammer hanging to coatee): Ah, Murphy, I see you are going driving.*

THE CORONER'S VERDICT

She climbs the steps, all stateliness;
Alas, he treads upon her dress
(This would mar a saint's composure).
She needs must trip—there is a rip,
And she appears in filmy slip
(Like a *Life* ad, the disclosure).
He stands aghast and eyes her—frock (?);
His death resulted from the shock
(And the lady's from exposure).

WHY EDITORS GO CRAZY

She: Oh, you're a Bomb Editor, all right, tee hee!

Funny Professor: I guess you're the man that's making all these Bombs around here, haw haw (loud laughter on his part, in which section politely joins)!

One of Barracks Wits: If I hit you on the head with an Annual you'd be Bomb-pted, wouldn't you? That's *good*, I ain't kiddin' yer a pound! (Give him air—he's foaming at the mouth!)

Et tu, General: If you don't—ts—pay all your debts on The Bomb, ts, plock, you're liable to become one, er!

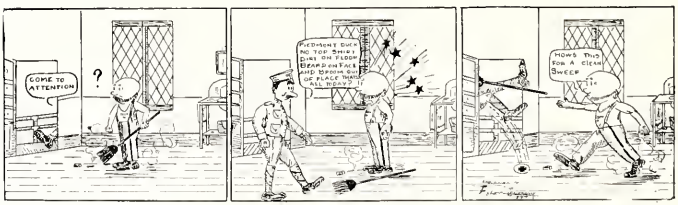
(Repeat at will for everybody down to Captain John.)

Grand Finale

Editor and Business Manager gladly board B. & O. for Staunton, murmuring, "Tra la la, I hear the little birdies sing!"

*This is deep stuff and we don't expect everybody to get it.

[Finis]



THE BOMB

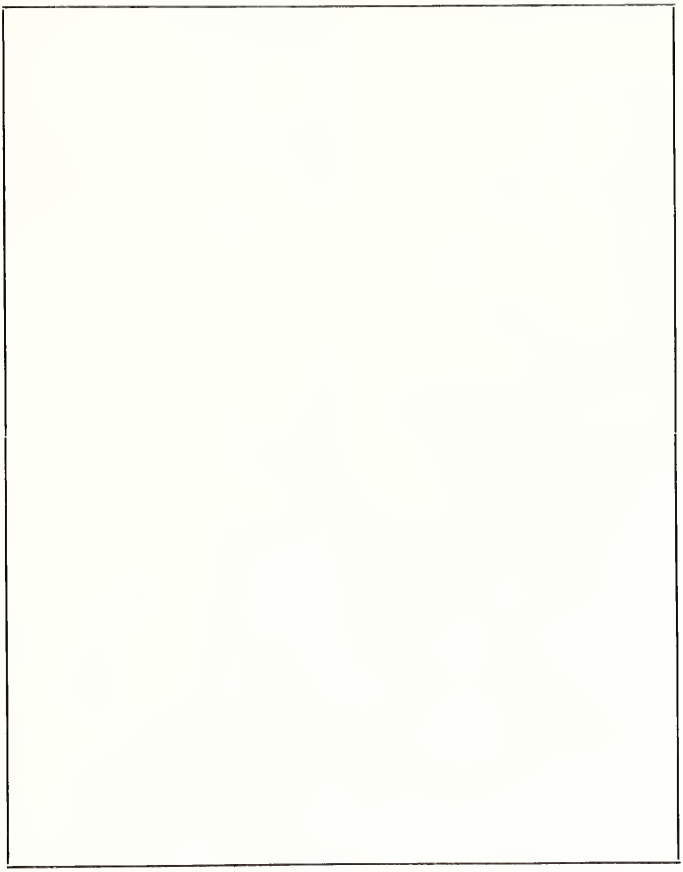
Delinquencies, June 22, 1916

The following men have reports:

Amory—Taking unfair advantage of rabbit.
Armistead—Grossly unmilitary appearance in hay, December 25th.
Ayres—Acting like rustic after having been warned not to do so.
Bradford—Loud laughter after taps, attempting to drink Green River dry.
Brewster—Neglect of duty, not having Gay time when opportunity presented itself.
Burks—Having motion like Pacific Ocean.
Chapin, C.—Cot down in wardrobe shelf O. C. N. I.
Christian—Cutting Ike's Biscuits on lower road.
Collins—Sending calic flowers, thereby impoverishing roommates.
Cosby—Making "Mud Hill" famous.
DeButts—Not removing gaze from mirror O. C. M. I.
DeGraff—Human sponge absorbing all G—G—'s in barracks.
Dillard, J.—Hiding behind breastplate at G. M.
Drewry—Visiting East Lexington during drill and on all other occasions.
Duncan—Officer of Guard watching friends by sitting in chair by sentry box
Durant—Wearing three service stripes, thereby deceiving brother Rats.
Fechheimer—Changing step at parade.
Fishburne—Putting blouse in hay and going to sleep in corner, night of December 25th
Fraser—Playing flute during C. Q., thereby drowning out Schwartz's trombone.
Friedman—Jewing Commandant out of two reports
Fugate—Qualifying as Attorney-General after three days in Law.
Gaillard—Making ungodly noise on one-lung fiddle O. C. M. N. I.
Geyer—Battle scars on chest at tattoo.
Gillespie—O. D. Attempting to call sections to attention at D. R. C.
Groover—Abuse of piece, cleaning same from muzzle.
Hagan—Love pirate loving more every day.
Heflin—Attempting to shoo chickens out of mess hall by means of trombone.
Hix—Cheer leader imitating Charlie Chaplin, and remaining disgustingly sober at Charlottesville.
Holmes—Gross carelessness, trying to get Wise in Staunton.
Hyland—Overstaying time at Institute and continual failure to stand bow-legged.
Jones, W.—Not securing lower road sig. on dip, as required by tradition.
Karow—Creating gross disorder in C. Y. abt., 9:30 P. M., rep. off.
Lewis, W.—Adjutant reading orders at D. R. C. with R.-M. W. C. calic hanging on arm
Lohmeyer—Continually talking in ranks, saying: "Hoch der Kaiser."
Loth—Continually imitating steam engine before blast.
Lyne—Commenting on sub-prof's dimples, causing young lady to embarrass same.

THE BOMB

Massie, N.—Corp of Vestal Virgin squad not rep. absentees.
Miller—Loitering in vicinity of cemetery, rep. offense.
Millner—Non-reg. pousse.
Moore, R.—Running opposition to Joe Pennington.
Morris—Continually playing Polco in Lexington.
McClellan—Throwing overripe hen fruit at O. D.
McCormick—Hayseed in collar S. E. I.
McKay—Causing roommates to leave room upon ret. from Chem. Lab.
Old—Being on lower road abt., 10:30 p. m., gross and rep. off.
Paul—Drinking young lady under table in Richmond.
Pitts, J.—Sacrilegious and irreverent conduct, ceasing to say "Grace."
Pitts, L.—Importing sea food into barracks.
Read—Using English language for fertilizing purposes.
Rich—Growing tusk in attempt to get furlough, thereby endangering lives of fellow-cadets.
Sansberry—Betting roommates that he would receive daily letter from New York, except on days that he would receive two.
Seaman—Flirting with member of Methodist Church Choir.
Snead—Failing to outrun sub-prof, thereby neg. to rep. ret. on permit properly.
Taber—Shaving dome, thereby running competition to Commandant.
Thomas—Excess bean and attempting to reduce same with razor before hop.
Tynes—Hunting birds out of season.
Vaughan—Loud and boisterous laughter at rev.
Warren—Wearing horn-rimmed specs to class, thereby lobbying for membership to C. S Club.
Zea—Ringing alarm clock outside "Tickle Brain's" window abt. 2 a. m.



Picture of a Cadet's Expression When He Sees the Unknown "Beauty" He Is to Drag



Acknowledgements

The Bomb Staff wishes to express its sincere thanks and appreciation to the following persons for contributions:

For articles:

Colonel J. M. Patton
Colonel R. B. Poague
Cadet P. C. Geyer
Cadet T. D. Amory
Cadet J. A. B. Dillard
Cadet J. H. Fechheimer

For drawings:

Mrs. L. M. Read
Mr. G. W. Goddard
Mr. R. Fechheimer
Mr. F. L. Lafferty
Mr. T. Moore
Mr. L. W. Glazebrook
Cadet C. P. Jackson
Cadet S. Y. McGiffert
Cadet N. F. Wilson
Cadet H. P. Hicks

The J. P. Bell Company, Lynchburg, Va., for their care and personal interest in this publication.

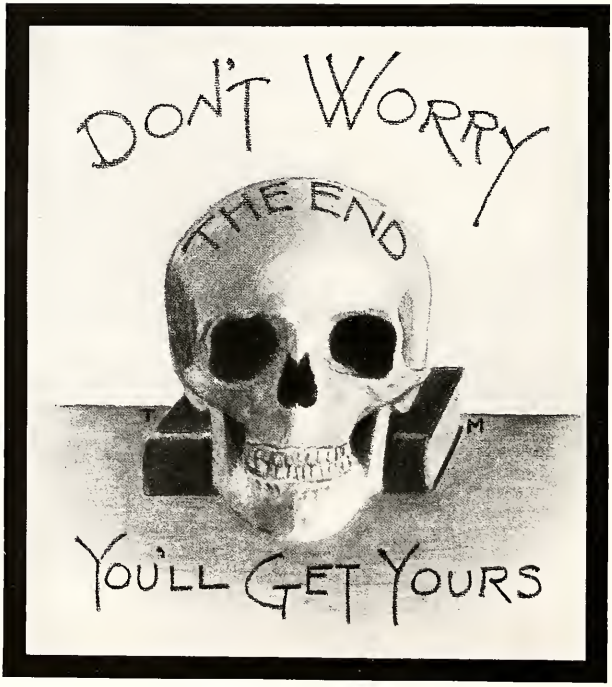
Miley & Son, Lexington, Va., for their superior photographic work.

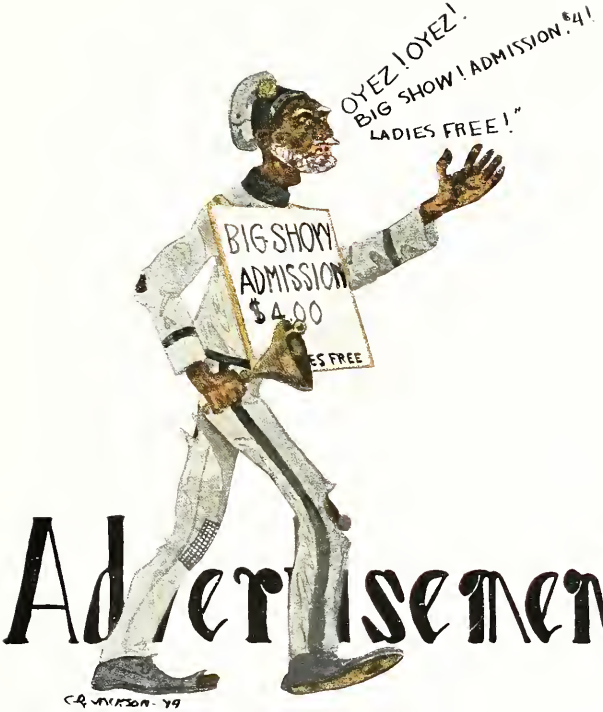
All advertisers for their helping hand.

The Editor-in-Chief also takes this opportunity to express his deep appreciation of the assistance rendered by the members of The Bomb Staff.

To the Charge "Guilty"

The Dedication.....COLONEL J. M. PATTON
Foreword.....THE EDITOR
"Fireside Reveries".....C. C. CHAPIN
"SUNSET AT V. M. I."....D. A. TAYLOR
First Class Biographies.....'MOST EVERYBODY
"A Synonym".....P. C. GEYER
First Class History.....THE EDITOR
Second Class History.....E. C. BROWN
"That Sound-Off".....G. KAROW
Third Class History.....S. B. WITT
Fourth Class History.....W. G. WILLS
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Summer School.....P. C. GEYER
"Summer Joys and Summer Not"....P. C. GEYER
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Roanoke Trip.....R. H. WARREN
The Subs.....THE EDITOR
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Baseball.....J. A. B. DILLARD
Basket-Ball.....T. D. AMORY
Track.....P. C. GEYER
Gymnasium.....W. B. BRADFORD
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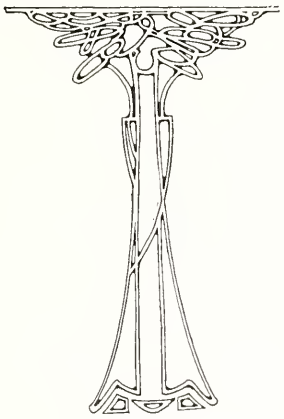
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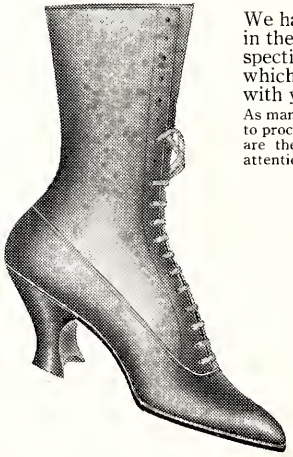
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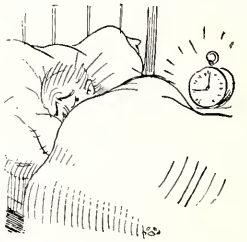
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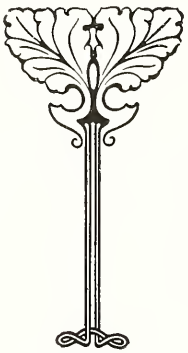
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